

PDC

SIR!

NOV.

60c

SPECIAL BULLFIGHT *Edition*



THE DAY PAT HAYES WAS TWICE GORED

Exclusive Pictures

see page 13



SLAVE GIRL Anna-Maria Ubaldi, see page 49

The Case for GIRL CADDIES

see page 53

**LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT
OUR POLARIS SUBS
and CREWS**

see page 44

THE NUDE BEACHCOMBER

see page 26

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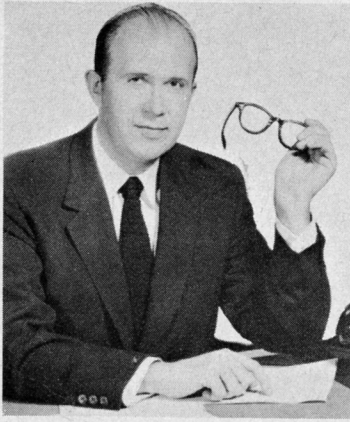
Only had your course a few short weeks and have already made \$800.00. Going to quit my job paying \$250.00 straight salary to operate my own business.—J. D. S., St. Louis, Mo.

I work day times at the shipyard and after 4:00 P. M. I operate from my cellar and garage. I average \$10.00 to \$15.00 clear every day.—Walter Hanhy, Breckton, Mass.

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Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate
if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes*.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English, quickly and enjoyably, at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 316H, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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STREET _____

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SIR!

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ADRIAN B. LOPEZ
Editor-in-Chief

ARDIS SANDEL
Editor

ROBERT S. CALDWELL
Executive Editor

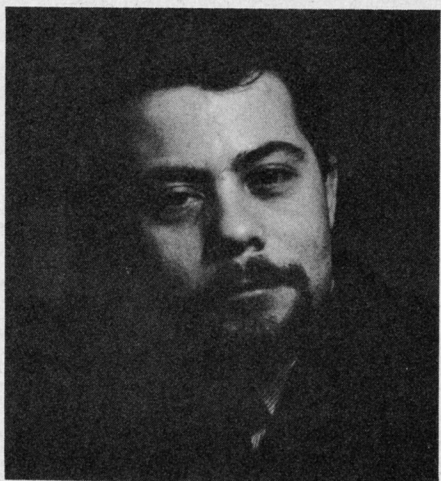
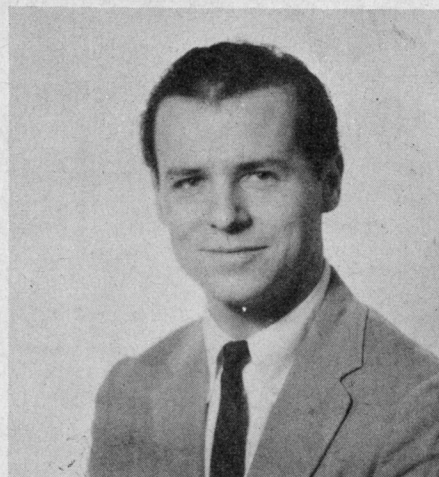
JORDAN MALEK
EDWARD HALLDORSON
BURT LOEWENSTEIN
Art Direction

JAY BURTIS
Advertising Manager



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Illustrator JAMES ROY McCAREY ("The Nude Beachcomber" p. 26) is enthusiastic about his career in magazine work but still harbors an old and worthy dream to return to Scandinavia where he spent two vacations and paint beautiful blondes. Jim ("If you're my friend, call me Roy!") is 34, got his training at Boston's School of the Museum of Fine Arts and New York's Art Students League, spent three years as platoon leader in the Airborne Infantry and two years as deck hand and purser on ore boats sailing the Great Lakes. Jim-Roy and his wife make their home in Manhattan.



Why girl caddies are big in Europe and Japan but haven't made the grade in the U.S. (page 21) is this month's contribution from TOM McARDLE, whose specialty is digging up information on all sorts of subjects from sports to sex and coming through with some real thought-provoking articles. Tom is a native Chicagoan who says he attended some of the classes at the University of Chicago and more of the bars in the Windy City, and now divides his time between New York and Paris. A former newspaperman, Tom is happy free-lancing, collecting jazz records in New York and rare old prints in Paris, and building up a storehouse of information concerning the bars and bistros of both cities.

Since this is SIR!'s bullfight edition, we pay tribute to bullfight aficionado and expert HOYT McAFEE and present two of his stories, "The Banderillero Is The Real Daredevil of the Bull Ring" (page 10) and "The Five Great Bullfights of the Past Ten Years" (page 29). Hoyt is a newspaperman and writer whose great love is bullfighting. He's a colorful and familiar figure in bullfight circles along the United States-Mexico border and is often invited to sit in as a bull ring judge.



Editor's Note: In this space we had hoped to present a picture of J. S. ALEXANDER, author of "Not Their Patsy" (page 24). However, since Mr. Alexander is with the Army somewhere overseas, he was not able to get his photograph to us before press time. In his correspondence with us, Mr. Alexander said: "I believe the thousands of SIR! readers who have had military service in Germany or who have visited there will find something in this story." We echo these sentiments about "Not Their Patsy."



Plays for Dances

"Was able to play many pieces in a short time. My family and friends certainly were surprised! I play for various social functions and dances, etc." — *Peter H. Kozyra, Manitoba, Canada.*



Excels Friend Who Has Teacher

"Now play for parties. A friend (taking private lessons same length of time) still doing exercises." — *Marie Van Hulle, Manitoba, Canada.*



Now Invited Out Lots

"It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances." — *Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N. Y.*



High School Boy Learns Very Quickly

"Couldn't play a note. Now play at parties. Friends asked how I learned so quickly." — *Bobby Smith, Grove Hill, Ala.*



Group of Friends Enthusiastic

Miss Mildred Cade of Houston, Texas and a number of her friends are so enthusiastic about this quick easy way of learning piano that they've ALL taken it up!



"Easy As Falling Off Log"

"Your lessons are interesting and easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a lifelong dream is being fulfilled — thanks to you!" — *Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.*



Wins Bet With Friends

"Bet friends I'd learn. Last night one said, 'Sounds like you've been playing years!'" — *Louise Gomez, Oakland, Calif.*



"Never Dreamed I Would Play"

"Wouldn't have believed it possible — learning to play in such a short time. Friends can't get over it — think it's me, but it's your wonderful lessons!" — *Eileen Turner, St. Victor, Canada.*



Plays for Church

"I'm 12. I have played for church. My sisters use Course, can play anything — had never taken lessons" — *Patsy Jeffrey, Sweetwater, Tex.*

THOUSANDS -who never thought

THIS FAMOUS WAY MAKES IT EASY AS A-B-C TO LEARN — EVEN IF

Over 1,000,000 People of All Ages Have Turned to This Easy, Home-Study Course to Make Their Dream of Playing Music Come True!

You think it's difficult to learn music? That's what thousands of others have thought! Just like you, they longed to play an instrument — the piano, accordion, guitar, violin, saxophone or some other favorite. But they denied themselves the pleasure — because they thought it would take months and years of tedious study to learn!

Wonderful Things Happen to You When You Can Play!



Imagine yourself being a sought-after guest . . . making many new friends . . . entertaining at parties . . . hearing compliments on your wonderful new talent . . . attaining new poise and self-confidence — exciting rewards like these await you when you play a musical instrument.

Learn in Spare Time at Home Simple, A-B-C Course

The result? Over 1,000,000 men and women — of all ages — have taken up music at home this simple A-B-C way. Shown on these pages are just a few of many people who have turned to this course to make their dream of playing music come true. Now, all over the world, enthusiastic music-lovers are enjoying the thrilling satisfaction of creating their own music. They have found the key to good times, and popularity.

No "Special Talent" Needed Costs Only Few Cents a Lesson

And that's what you can do, right now. NO TEDIOUS PRACTICING OF BORING SCALES AND EXERCISES! Even if you don't know a single note now, you'll "start right in on pieces." This builds up your skill and confidence so rapidly that soon you'll be able to play ALL your favorite songs and compositions. This is not a "trick" course. You actually learn to play by note, so that you can read real sheet music. No "special talent" needed. It's all so clearly explained — so EASY to understand — that even children "catch on" at once.

Before you realize it, you will amaze your friends by playing all their requests — popular song hits, waltzes, hymns, hillbilly music, classical favorites, etc.

You learn in the spare time of your own choosing — free

Progresses Rapidly
 "How rapidly I am progressing. The lessons are so simple, anyone can understand them." — *Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming.*

Family and Friends Surprised
 "I, my family and friends are surprised at my rapid progress. Don't see why anyone couldn't learn this easy way." — *Pearlie May Clay, Center, Tex.*

Learns Faster Without Teacher
 "Now play guitar better than many who have had teachers for longer time." — *Myrella-Muquette Saint-Andre, Montreal.*

"Friends Were Amazed"
 "Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. Now entertain at parties, play at church." — *Samuel Moses, Mt. Vernon, Tenn.*

NOW PLAY they could!

YOU DON'T KNOW A SINGLE NOTE NOW

Never Believed it Possible
 "Never dreamed I would ever play. I didn't know one note. Today I play delightful pieces." — *Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk, Lodgepole, Nebr.*



13-Year-Old Learns
 "Never took lessons before. Now play better than friends (with private teachers) who began same time I did. Now play for church, school concerts." — *Joan Lueck, Big Stone, S. Dak.*

"Enjoyed Every Step"
 "I have enjoyed every step of the way. My friends can't get over the improvement that I have made in such a short time." — *Helen Prevas, New Castle, Del.*



from the rigid schedule imposed by a teacher. And the cost is only a few cents per lesson, including all sheet music. Your whole family can learn for the price of one!

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Why not let this famous home-study course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. Possibly a whole new career. Extra money. Understand, appreciate, converse about music. Learn the lives and compositions of modern and great masters. Relax! Banish worries and frustrations. Satisfy self-expression, creative urge. Gain self-confidence.

It's really a crime to go through life without enjoying the wonderful thrill of creating your own music — especially when it's now so easy to learn! Thousands upon thousands of others have done it. Why not YOU? You owe it to yourself to at least find out more about this wonderful home-study course. Free book (described at right) tells all about it.



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Let us show you why our way to learn music is so EASY — and so much fun! See for yourself why our course has been so successful since 1898. Mail the coupon for our valuable illustrated 36-page FREE BOOK. It tells a fascinating story. No obligation; no salesman will call. It can mean so much to you for the rest of your entire life — if you will mail the coupon TODAY! U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A16011, Port Washington, N. Y. (Established 1898 — Licensed by the N. Y. State Education Dept.)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet, Cornet | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Pipe, Electric | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Reed Organ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
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Do you have the instrument?.....

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 Mrs. }
 Miss } (Please Print Carefully)

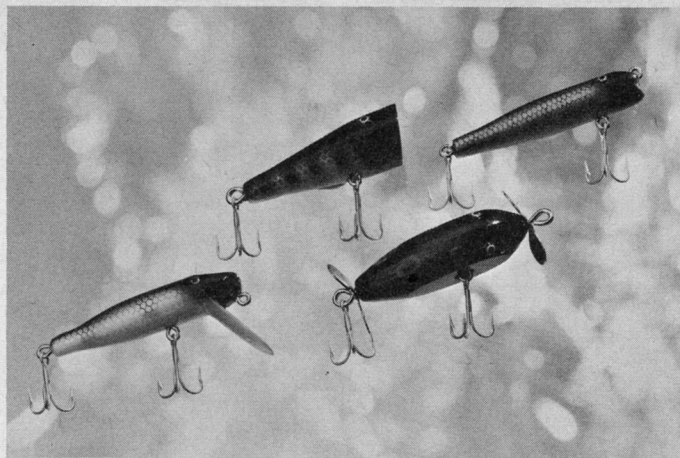
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City..... State.....
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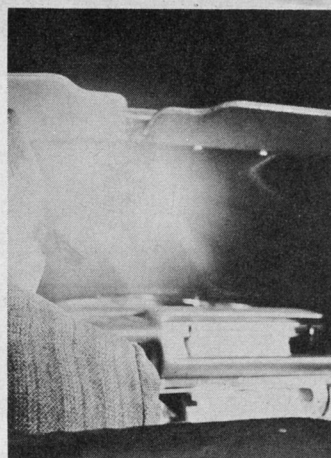
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CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENT

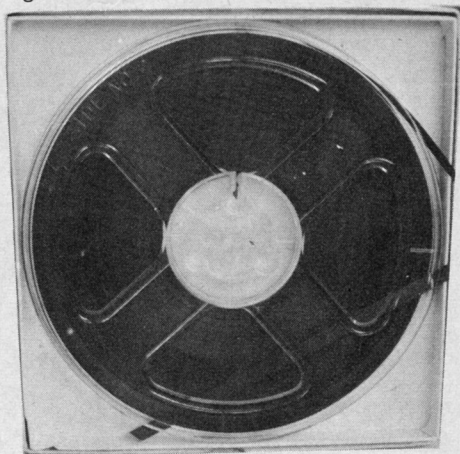
Now it's easy to learn — by note — Piano, Guitar, Piano Accordion, Violin, Steel Guitar, Mandolin, Trumpet, Cornet, Saxophone, Tenor Banjo, Organ, Ukulele, Clarinet, Trombone. No matter what your favorite instrument is, this famous course will teach you to play it quickly. Check your choice in the coupon at right.



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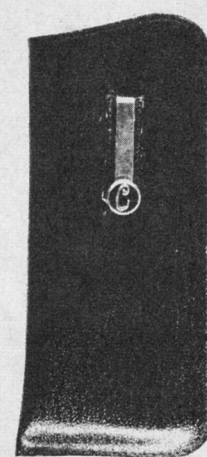
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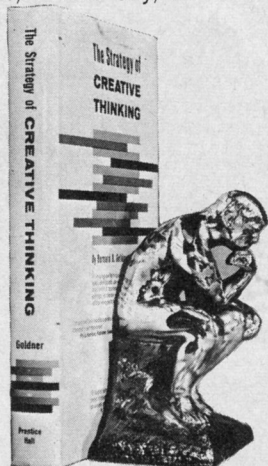
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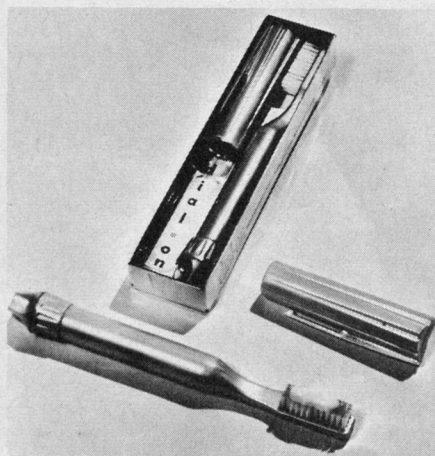
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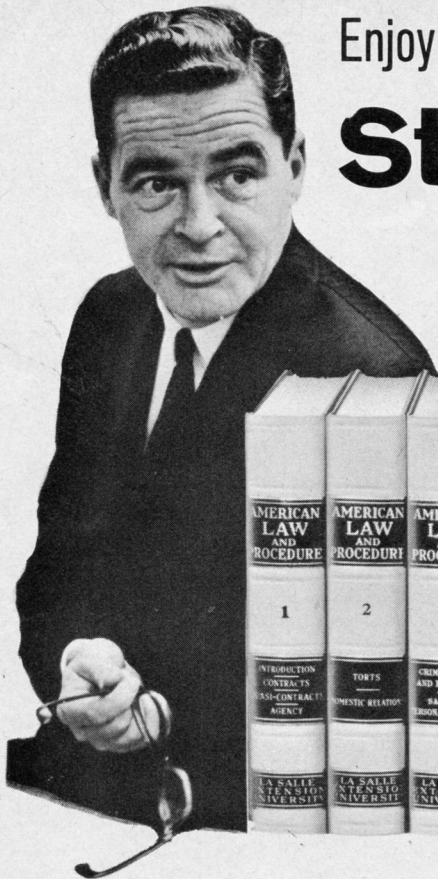
THE THINKER by Rodin and "The Strategy of Creative Thinking" by Dr. B. Goldner. Statue is 6 inches high, 4 1/2 inches wide at base. Set of 2 weighs 7 pounds. \$25 for 2 Thinkers and book. Or, Thinker \$12 each, book \$6, ppd. Postamatic Co., Box 160, Lafayette Hill, Pa., Dept. 78.



DIAL-ON toothbrush pen carries week's supply of toothpaste in handle, gives the correct amount when handle is dialed. When not in use, cap fits over brush to keep it clean. Made of shatterproof plastic, with nylon bristles. \$1.29 ppd., Reardon's, 3171 Rail Avenue, Trevese, Pa.



VELTRON foot massager soothes tired muscles and tendons. Designed for use from sitting position; device is powered by a sturdy electric motor. Feet rest comfortably on roomy oscillating pad. Comes in attractive pastel colors. \$14.95 at most beauty shops and department stores.

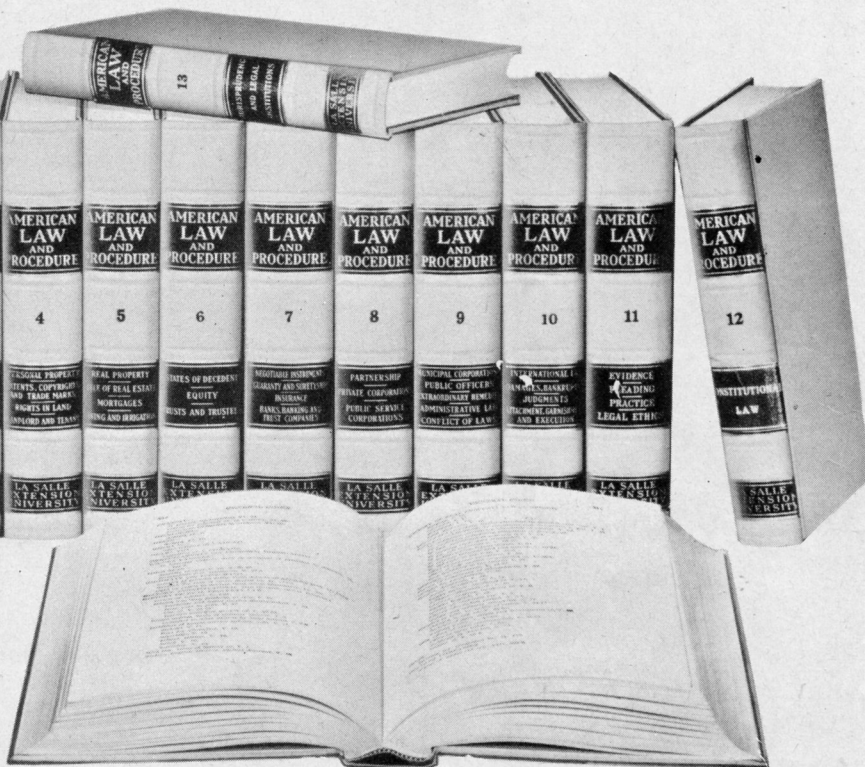


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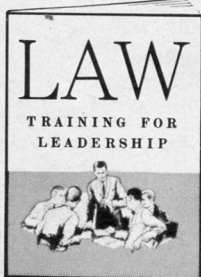
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The Banderillero Daredevil of the BULL RING

● Ask any bullfight fan which member of the cuadrilla (team of assistant fighters) takes the most risk at a bullfight in Mexico and he will tell you: "It's the banderillero, when he works in close to the bull."

And for those who are not up on their bullfighting, we might add that the banderilleros (it's pronounced band-ee-yeros) are two men (although in Mexico it's usually one man) who, in the two- or three-minute second act of the spectacle, run in wide curves as the bull charges them in a straight line.

As the banderillero is about to collide with the bull on a dead run, and as the bull lowers his head to toss him, the banderillero reaches in over the bull's horns and plants the two "sticks," or banderillas, which he has been carrying, behind the bull's neck muscle. All this is done with abandon and amazing timing and dispatch on a dead run.

The banderilla is a paper-decorated wooden stick 70 cm. long, with a barbed steel point of 4 cm. long by 16 cm. wide. The banderillero's performance is decorative rather than punishing. It is to give the bull a breather after what the picadors have done to him. The banderilleros sting the bull rather than wound him. They spur him into giving a better charge as the matador plays *el toro* and finally kills him in the last

part of the colorful and stirring spectacle.

A really skillful banderillero inspires American and Mexican aficionados to leap to their feet and cheer him jubilantly. Every real bullfight fan recognizes the plain fact that the banderillero—when in close—takes more risks than the matador.

As proof of this, he goes out to face the animal without a cape of any kind in his hands.

Instead, he falls back on one "weapon"—a pair of arm-length banderillas. Armed with them, he glides out to a position some 20 to 25 yards away from *el toro*.

First, he sizes up the animal and tries to determine whether much provocation will be necessary to make it charge. Some banderilleros jump up and down two or three times, then start running forward in zigzag fashion. Others dart to their right and left, halt, back up a few steps, then streak forward, directly toward the bull.

These maneuvers are designed to lure an immediate charge from the animal. Spectators watch the ritual with unconcealed relish.

If the banderillero performs with a dramatic flourish, they really explode. They appreciate the fact that he has to be a combination ballet dancer and sprinter, deft in the art of side-stepping in order to plant the barbed darts in

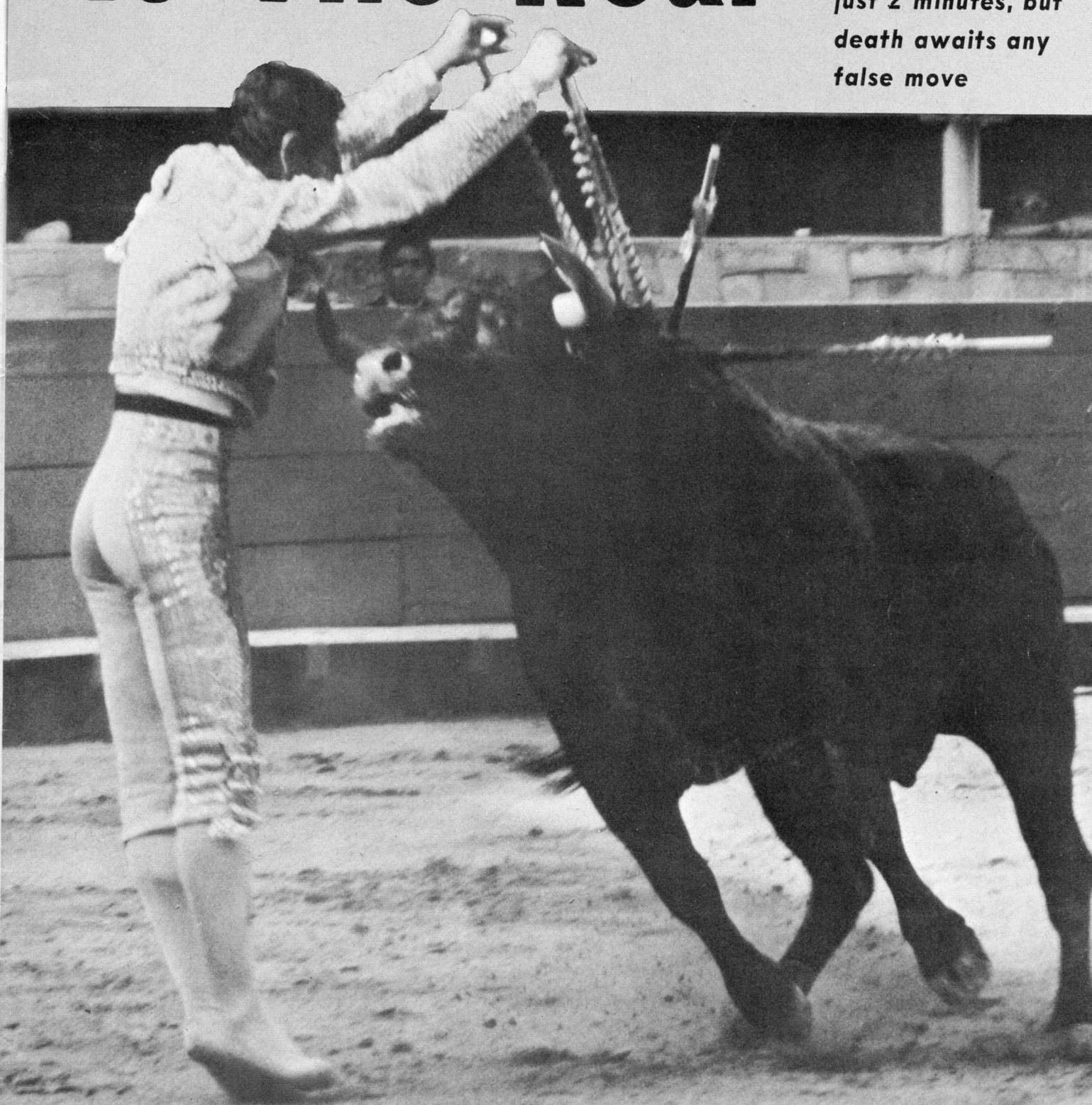


Hoyt McAfee with Alejandro Del Hierro; top banderillero taught Pat McCormick.

By HOYT McAFEE

Is The Real

*The banderillero's
job may last for
just 2 minutes, but
death awaits any
false move*



Matador Jose Ramon Tirado places own banderillas in El Toreo bull ring, Tijuana, Mexico. Tirado removed shoes to get better footing.

neat formation across the bull's shoulder.

Along the U.S.-Mexico frontier, two veterans—Rubito and Alejandro Del Hierro—are expert banderilleros. Rubito, an ageless and spry little man of Spanish descent, is a great favorite with fans at Juarez's Alberto Balderas bull ring. He usually races forward to meet the oncoming bull, and flicks the banderillas into place with precision and grace.

Alejandro, the man who made American torera Patricia McCormick famous, has a flair, or style, all his own. He starts off in slow motion, weaves this and that way, then breaks into a trot as he draws nearer the bull. When it rushes to meet him, Alejandro veers to the left in a body-twisting maneuver. Suddenly his arms whip downward, and the darts are driven into *el toro's* shoulder.

Manolo dos Santos, Antonio Del Olivar and several other leading matadors think highly of Alejandro's skill as a banderillero. So much so, that they often designate him to place banderillas for them. To Alejandro's credit, he has injected the fillip of excitement into scores of dull corridas in Juarez, Tijuana and Mexico City with his first-rate "stick work."

Ruben Blanco of Juarez—who married an American girl, the former Linda Townsend of Evansville, Indiana—also stirs border fans to a high pitch. Rated as a daredevil banderillero, Ruben takes risks others in his profession shy away from. In fact, one time he darted in extremely close to his bull to plant a pair of banderillas. He zipped them into the proper place skillfully, but suffered a critical goring in the process.

Another bullring worthy named Aguilar has for years distinguished himself as a banderillero. He first came into his own as an aide to Carlos Arruza, back when the latter fought on foot, as a matador.

Carlos scored his greatest triumphs as a torero in Spain during 1944 and 1945, in competition with Manolete, no less. And Aguilar picked up valuable pointers from the master, Arruza. It was a matter of pride with Arruza, the Mexican Cyclone, to frequently place his own banderillas. His favorite technique, which was daring to an extraordinary degree, thrilled Spanish aficionados.

Arruza would break the banderillas in half and plant his feet firmly against the barricade. Waving the darts to and fro, he'd call out to the bull in a commanding voice. When it came toward him in a headlong charge, Carlos would remain motionless until the last moment. Then, with the bull's breath whipping into his face, Arruza would suddenly twist his body sideways and bring his arms down in a powerful thrust. He'd sink the banderillas into the bull's shoulder even as it crashed into—and bounced off—the barricade.

It took raw courage and split-second timing to pull off this one. Arruza would resort to it to arouse the afición of spectators; and, likewise, to score a point with dramatic effect. I witnessed two of

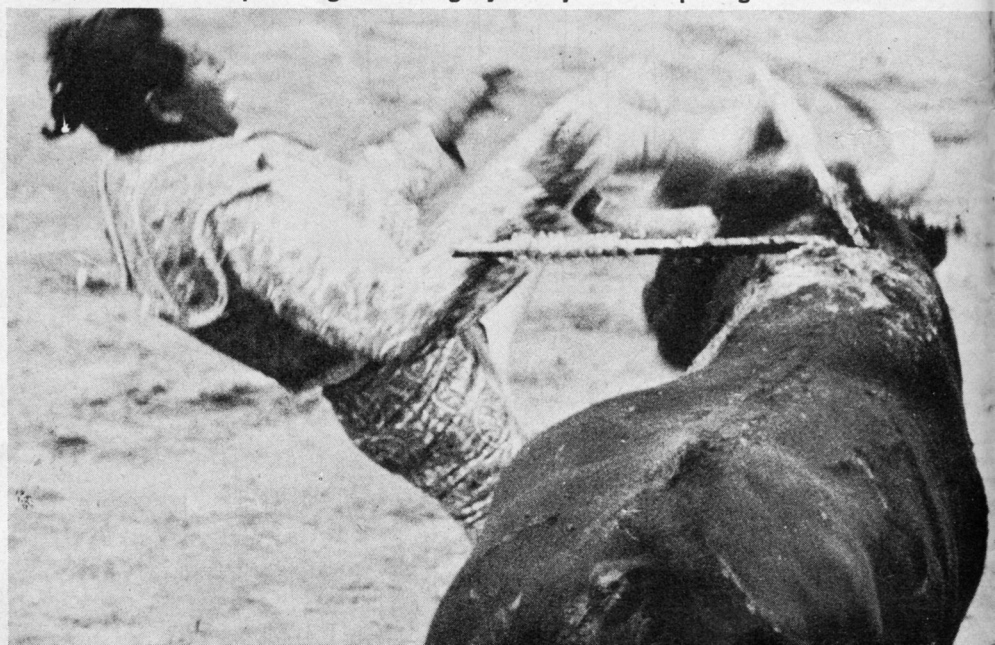
(Continued on page 66)



Famed Matador Jose Ramon Tirado makes "natural" pass while calmly gazing at spectators. Note there are only two banderillas planted together behind the bull's neck muscle.



Above, all-time great bull ring star Carlos Arruza places banderillas from horseback. Below, Antonio Velasquez is gored in leg by bull just after placing the banderillas.

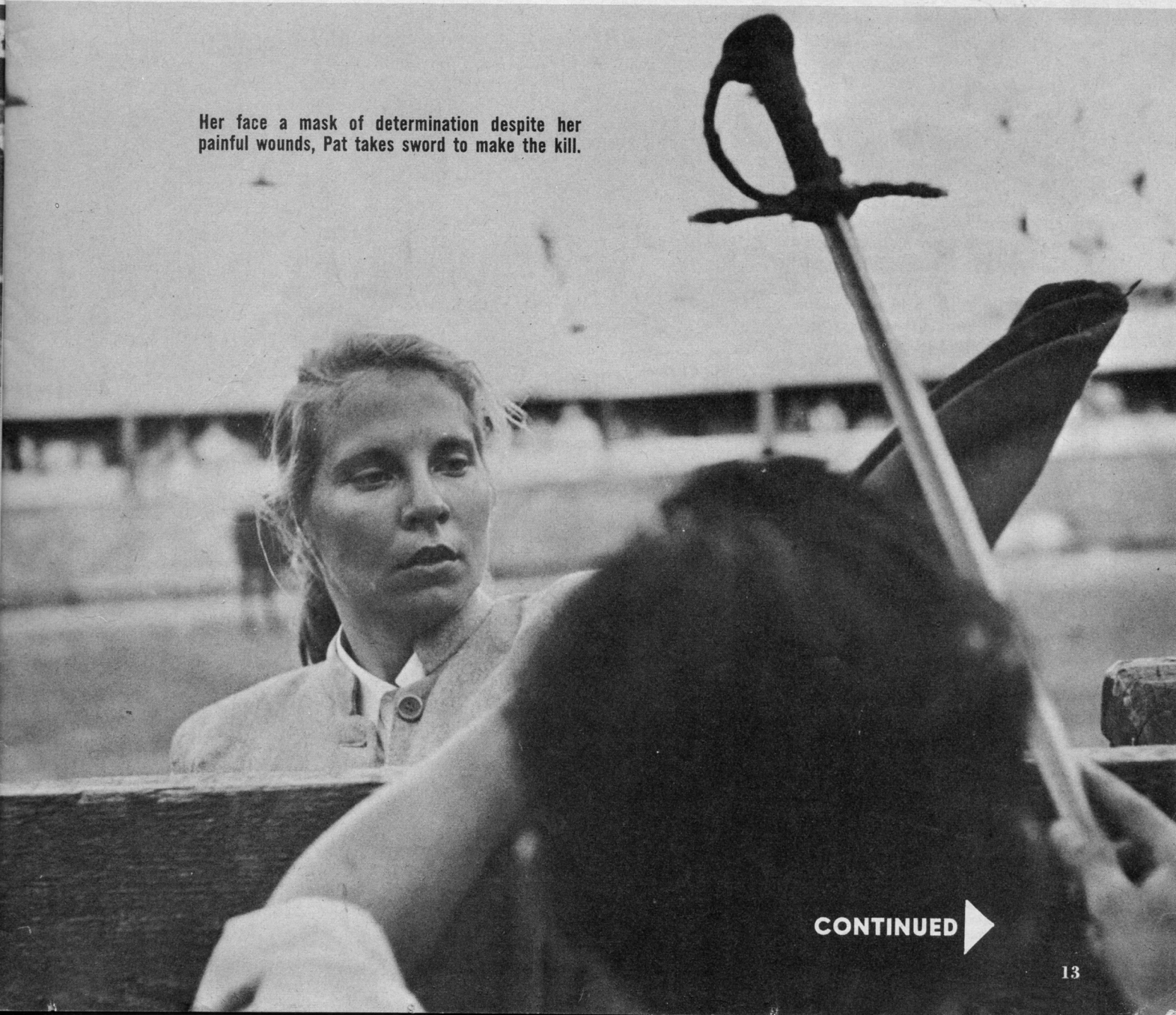


The Day Pat Hayes WAS GORED

**Pat Hayes was gored and knocked down
6 times. But she went on to kill the bull**

By ALFREDO GARCIA

Her face a mask of determination despite her painful wounds, Pat takes sword to make the kill.



CONTINUED ►

The Day Pat Hayes WAS GORED

IN these photos a girl is fighting a lonely, terrible battle with dangerous Mexican bulls, whose sharp horns might at any time end her unique career as a bullfighter.

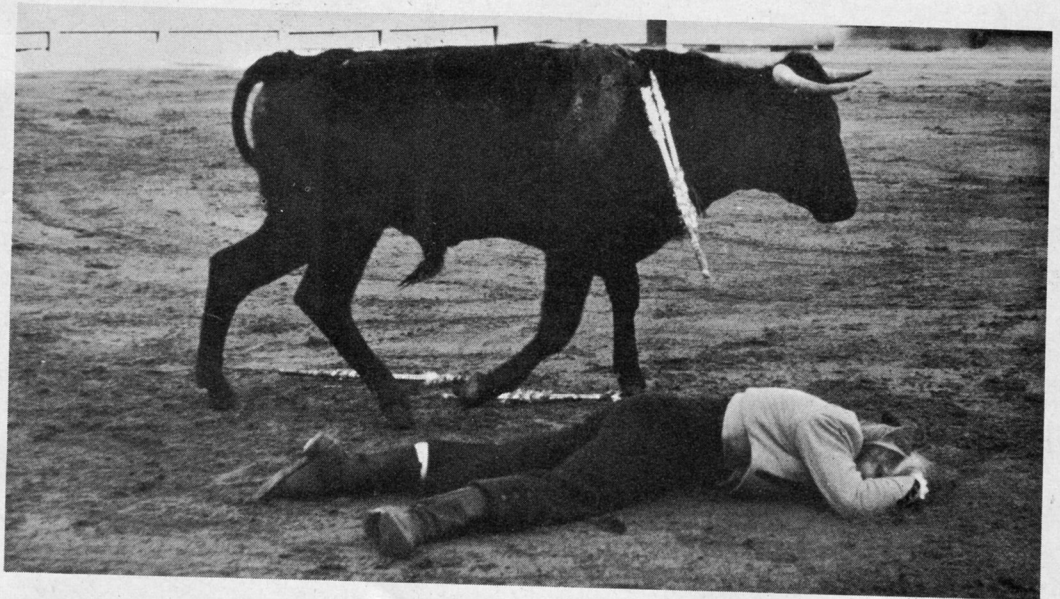
She is Patricia Hayes, a 24-year-old American from San Angelo, Texas, one of the few women ever to choose the matador's terrifying road to fame and money, a road that more often ends in early death.

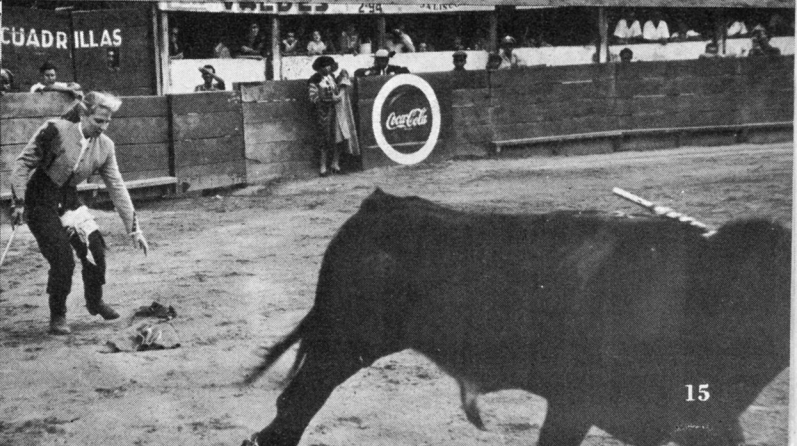
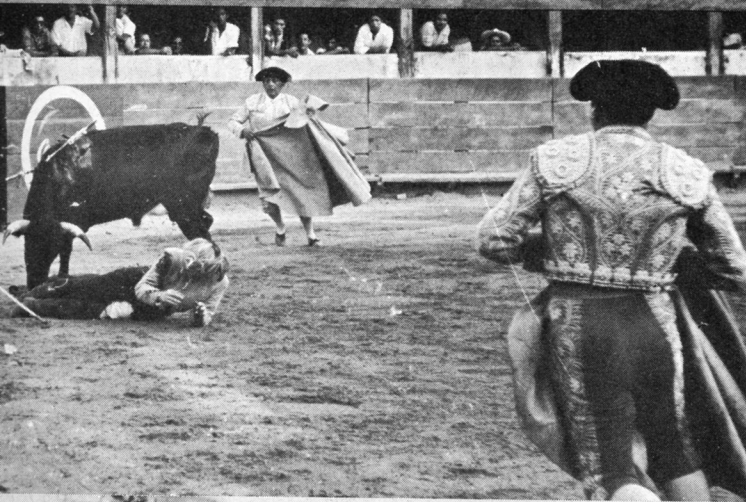
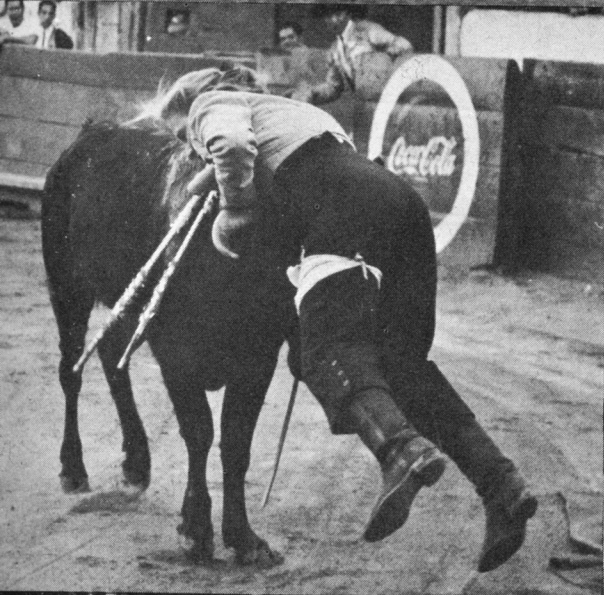
Pat Hayes is essentially a novelty number in the Mexican ring—she is one of the few bullfighters who sets the banderillas into the bulls. At first, with only a little experience in the bull ring, she was often easy prey for the bulls. Many times the fight of this amazing torera was less a contest of equals than a battle for survival.

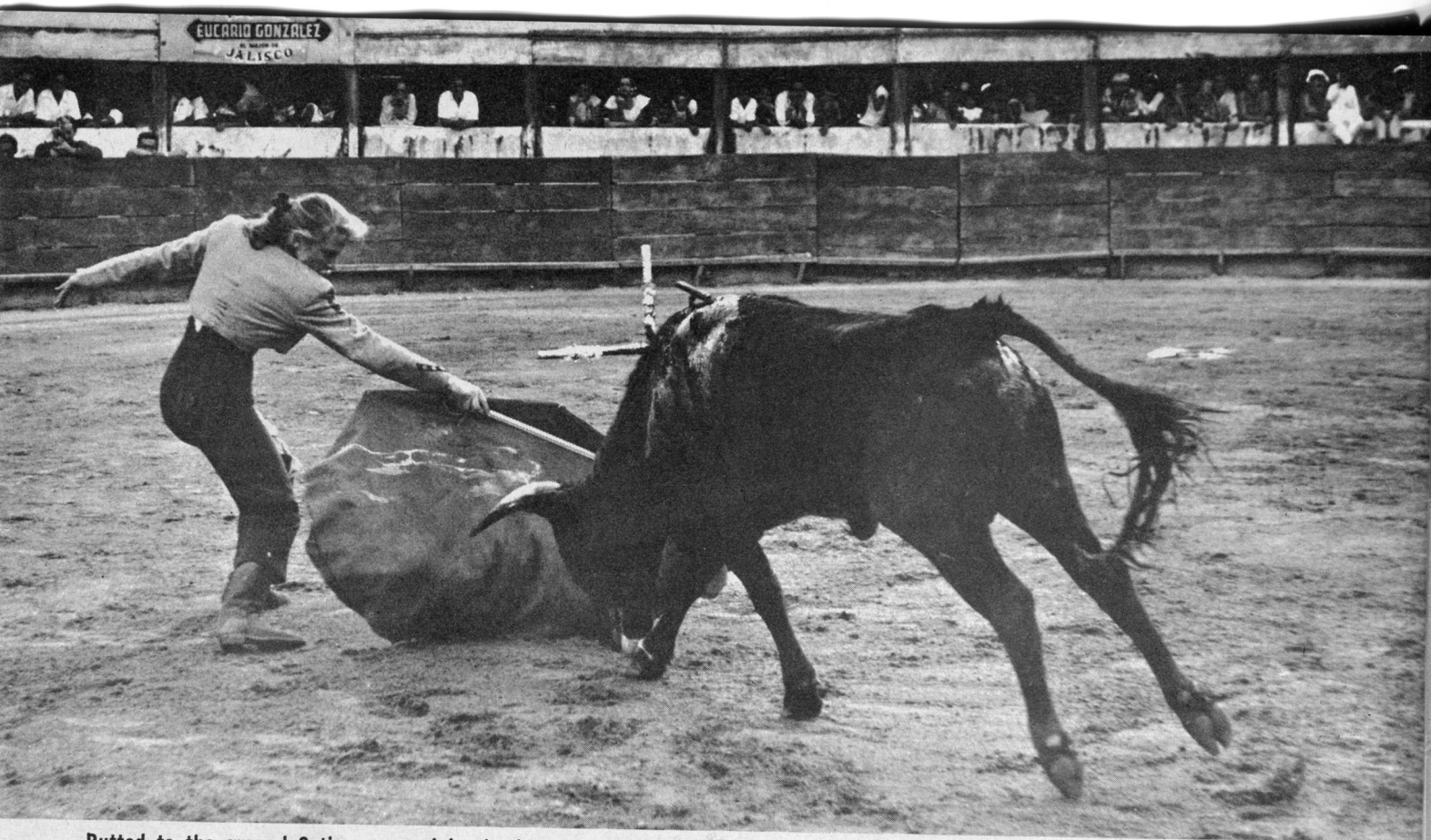
In these pictures Pat is shown being gored and knocked down, then coming back to kill her bull. The action takes place in the famed arena at Acapulco, Mexico.

Grimly determined, though her face is contorted with

**These dramatic
pix show Pat
Hayes being
gored, knocked
down—and
going on to
kill the bull**







Butted to the ground 6 times, gored in the leg once, Pat courageously returns to make a good kill and get the crowd's applause.

The Day Pat Hayes Was Gored

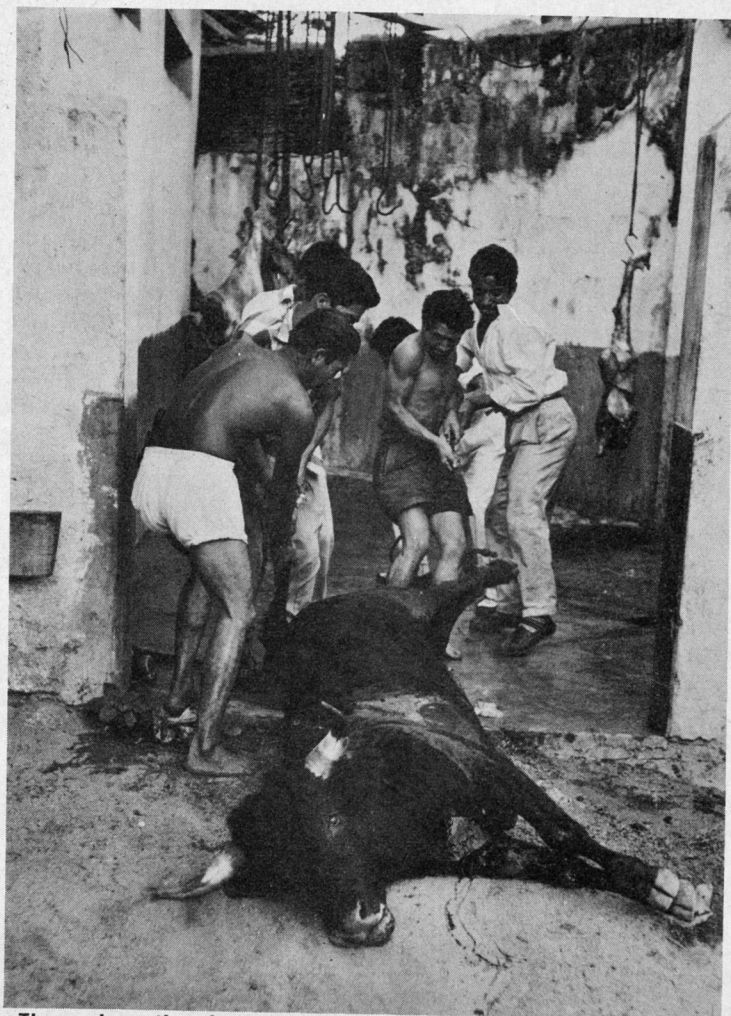
pain, she's carried from the ring after the sharp horns have cut deep into her flesh. Then, after she's bandaged, she's ready to continue her endless battle with the bulls.

So far in this struggle to the death, which has included several long hospital stays after particularly bad accidents, Pat Hayes has been the victor. A few weeks after the pictures on these pages were taken, Pat was again gored in the leg, but still managed to conquer the bull. At this time Pat had been fighting only one year.

Pat follows the ancient torero's routine of nimble passes with the red cape, placing the banderillas, moving in with sword and cape for the kill. Here, in memorable photos, is the story of one afternoon's battle in the unique career of this rare girl bullfighter.

If we follow the action on pages 14 and 15 we see Pat, who was just 24 years old at the time, holding the banderillas and calling for the bull to charge. When he does so, she will rush forward at the same moment to meet him and place the banderillas. The picture in the middle of page 14 shows Pat just after the bull knocked her down and gored her. Our photographer did not get the actual goring. The photo below was taken as Pat was carted off to the infirmary. Her painful leg wound was a ragged hole made by the bull's sharp left horn. The laceration was bandaged and Pat returned to the ring to finish the fight.

The pictures at the top of page 15 show Pat setting the banderillas successfully. On her first try she didn't get them in. On the second attempt she was only partly successful, for she did not get away fast enough and was lifted and butted between the bull's horns and gored slightly. There, we see, she swings helplessly, avoiding the sharp points. Finally, on the ground once more, she gets up and runs off, while the protecting peons distract the bull. The pictures on page 16 show Pat making the actual kill of her bull. THE END



The undramatic aftermath to Pat Hayes' battle comes when bull she killed is dragged off to be butchered for hospital food.



"Surely, Fred, there must be more to married life than this!"

Guys, Dolls and LIBIDOS

SOUTH DAKOTA GIRL

Linda Tomayck

from Rapid City is making
it big as a Broadway dancer



● "Linda's ambition is to be a Broadway dancer, and we're betting on her to make it." That was the inscription under Linda Tomayck's high school yearbook picture, and in three short years that prophesy has more than come true.

Linda left Rapid City directly after graduation and, like so many other starry-eyed teenagers, arrived at Grand Central Station in New York City with her hopes, dreams and \$300 saved from baby-sitting and dancing jobs for local Rapid City organizations. But Linda had that certain something, and casting directors were quick to see it in her gorgeous figure, her fine dancing talents, and her dedicated determination to get ahead. Within two weeks Linda was settled in a cozy Greenwich Village apartment and dancing

PLEASE TURN PAGE





Linda Tomayck



With Linda's gorgeous figure and her dancing talents it didn't take



and a leading model. Although she's sexy and sultry, Linda considers

her long to become a top Broadway dancer



in a top Broadway night spot. Since then she has appeared on several TV musical shows, in a Broadway musical, and has traveled to Las Vegas and Miami Beach to dance in hotel night clubs. Last summer Linda explored Europe as a member of a State Department-sponsored dance group.

Never one to sit still, Linda fills her spare time with modeling (she's very much in demand, as the pictures on these pages would indicate) and horseback riding. Early mornings she's a familiar figure on Central Park's bridle paths, but she says, almost wistfully: "There's nothing as pretty as riding the wide-open ranges back home."

Linda's sexy and sultry, but under it all she's an all-American girl—and as wholesome as apple pie.

THE END

herself as wholesome as apple pie



"Look," she said, struggling out of his arms, "you go wash. Understand?"

None of those smart-alec Germans was going to sucker the lieutenant, he knew the score. But there was something about the Fraulein he couldn't figure—until he landed in her flat

NOT THEIR PATSY

By J. S. ALEXANDER

● He noticed Nice Legs immediately, the moment he prowled into the place. She was sitting alone staring vacantly at the bottles paraded behind the bar. Boy, *she's a rare bit of fluff*, he thought. He gazed eagerly toward Nice Legs as he handed his coat to the old *Frau* in the *Garderobe*. *Size 'em up fast.*

The Cafe Femina, where he was, was a small, dark place into which were crowded a short bar covered with somber quilted plastic, six black bar stools, a little stage for a combo, and about two dozen tables. He carefully selected one of the tables from which he could observe the whole room.

"*Eine Flasche Bier*," he told the waiter. *Better get bottled beer. They don't jack up the price of bottles. I've been around; they're not going to make me their patsy.*

"*Wie viel?*" he asked the waiter who'd returned carrying a small beer and a glass on a tray.

"Five marks sixty," the waiter replied, pouring the beer.

"That's almost a dollar and a half,

a hell of a note," he paid. *Smart-ass Germans. Always talking English, trying to show you up. A buck and a half a throw. What would a mixed drink be? Glad I ordered beer. I'm not going to be their patsy.*

He drank the beer the waiter had poured, then refilled his glass with what remained in the bottle. *Killed that one fast. At a buck and a half, go easy.*

Nice Legs swiveled halfway around on the bar stool. *Nice legs. Not heavy hairy legs like most German girls. Smooth knees. She's a rare one.* He studied the Cafe Femina and its other customers and its strategically seated girls. *B-girls. Not too bad, though. Better than the weary old bags who hang around Baumholder. Well, they should be better here in Frankfurt. It's a big city. Not a GI town. Girls ought to be better and chic. Chic chick, ha ha. Nice Legs there at the bar is sure a chic chick.*

Two Air Force EM in uniform were talking loudly (*Continued on page 56*)

THE NUDE BEACHCOMBER

By DERRAL PILGRIM

*The girl was Everett's
for the taking. But she
had invaded his own
private world—and he
wanted no part of her*

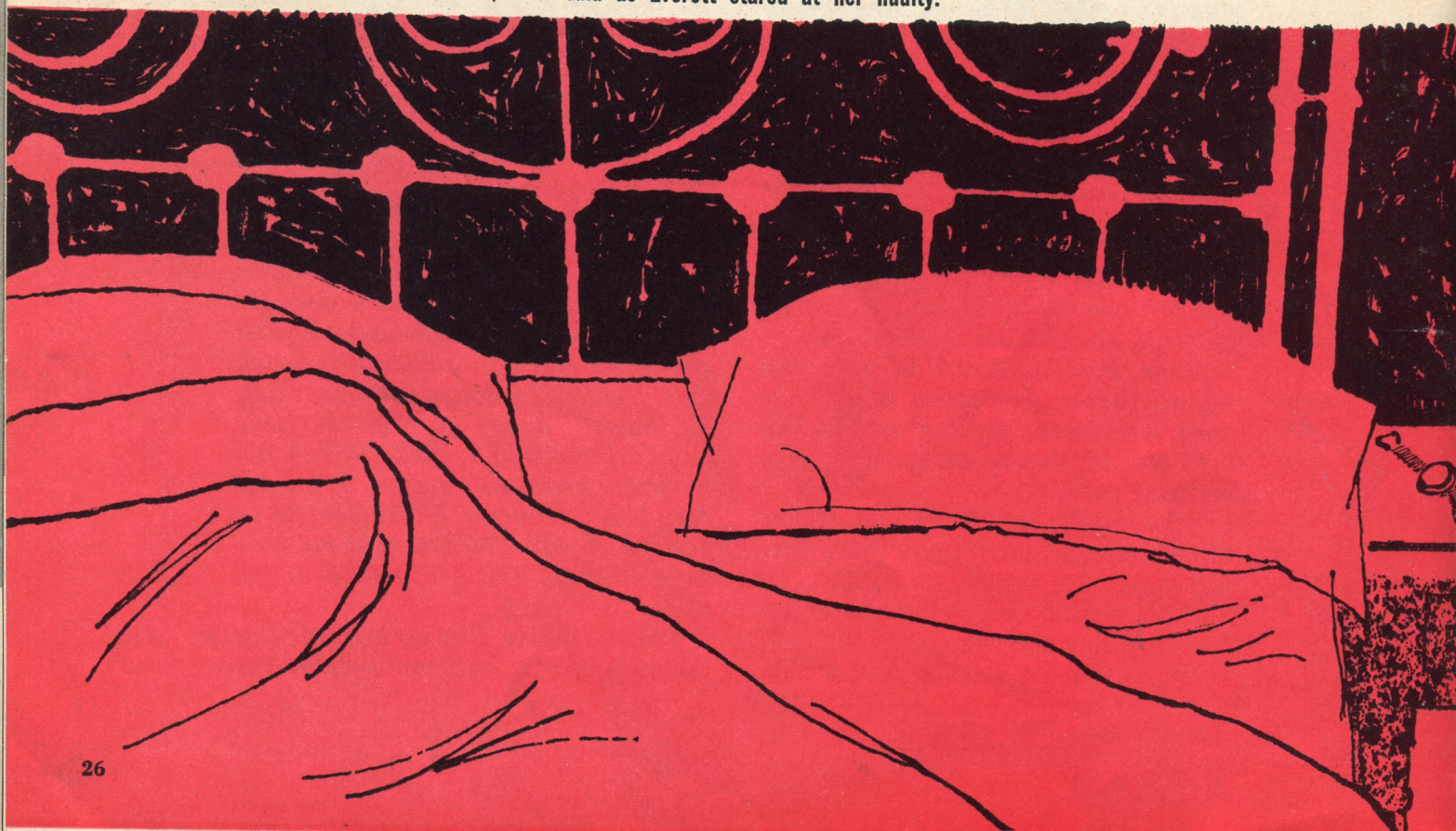
“AS you can see,” she said, “I am caught in a rather odd situation.”

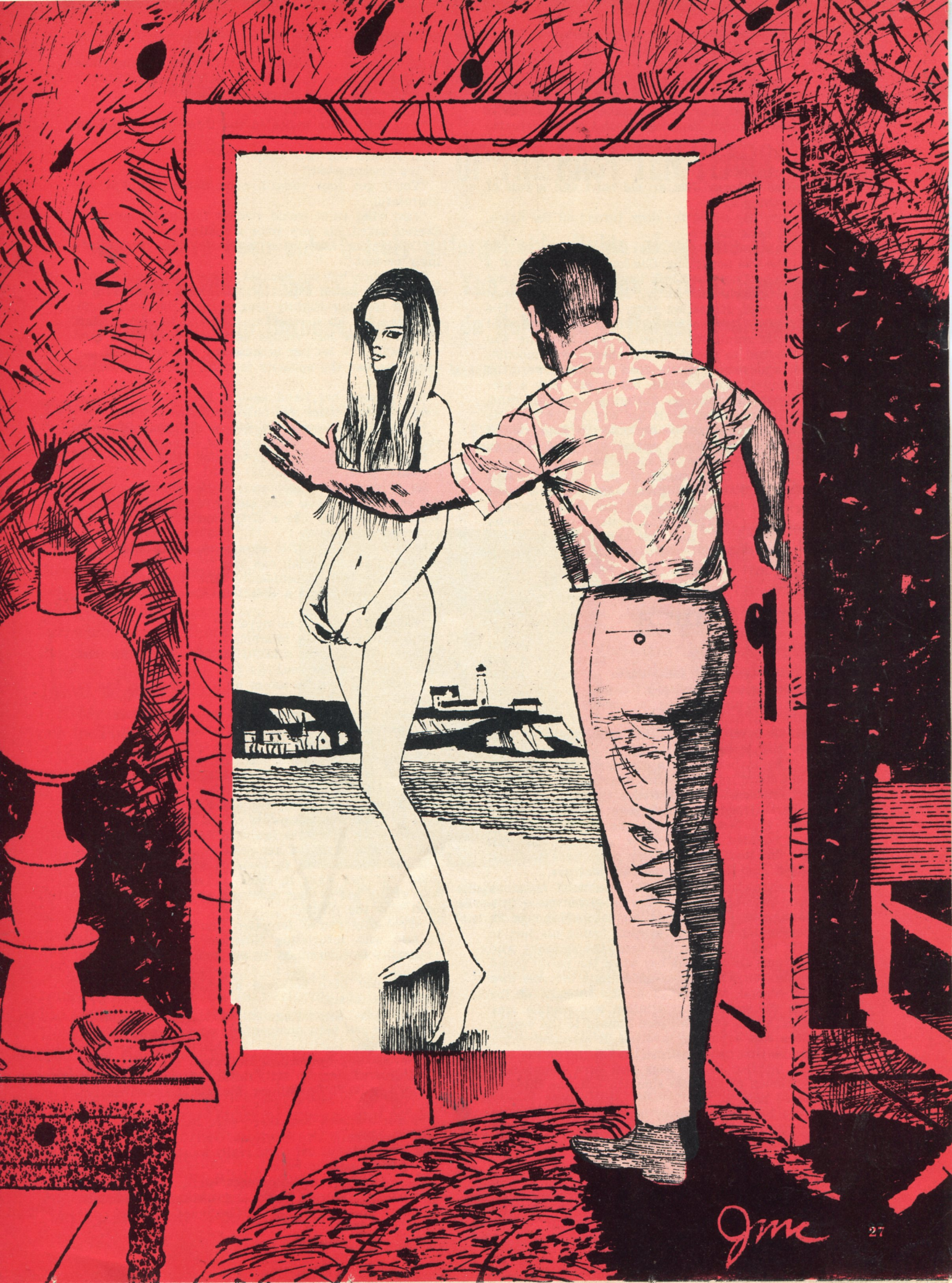
“I would say.” At her knock, Everett Belmont had limped to the door to open it a crack. In the streaming light he could see the gloss of her nude body.

“I think you could help me with some clothes.” She didn’t try to hide behind her hands. Her hair was down, hanging wetly to her shoulders.

“In what way?” Belmont had been alone on the beach. He liked it that way. In the off-season when the place was deserted, when the northeasters howled down from the Cape and blew cold sand against his face, when gray gulls soared fearlessly, he was able to face himself. It was only when he was reminded of his humanity through contact with other people that he felt wasted, belittled.

“You could help me with some clothes,” she said as Everett stared at her nudity.





gmc

"Dammit, it should be quite obvious that I could use some covering. This is no nudist colony."

"No," said Everett, "it isn't."

She came closer to the light, defensively belligerent. She was no great body, no rare woman to appear at her best unclothed. She was a member of the majority as she faced him, not hangdog in spite of her revealed weaknesses.

Everett said: "Since I didn't unclothe you, I feel no particular obligation."

"Please, no lectures. Just an old shirt and a pair of slacks. Anything."

"Not likely." He closed the door, turned off the lights, and limped back to bed.

In the darkness he could hear her standing outside the door. She was not crying. She had had the look of a woman who had not cried in a long time. He heard her breathing, regularly and softly. Then she went away.

The wind was quartering from the southwest. The faint surf was a passive hissing which came and went with hypnotic regularity. When he was sure she was gone, he walked to the door. The beach was moonlit. There was a movement on the road pointing toward the village 10 miles up the island, but it was only a picnicker's discarded wrappings fluttering across the sand. He closed the door and made his way to the bed. He dropped his artificial feet solidly onto the floor, rubbed the stumps above his absent ankles, and tried to go to sleep. But sleep seemed to elude him.

He thought of her face. It might have been pretty. Her features were regular, nose not too large, lips full.

There was a dark spread under her eyes and the lines of her mouth pointed the

wrong way. Her mouth had not laughed lately, at least not often. Clinically, he reviewed other points, extremely

evident points—swell of hips, curve of legs, a slight overhang of stomach muscles, a touch of bottom heaviness—there had been, indeed, a woman there.

Of course she had brought it on herself. In spite of her pleading eyes, it wasn't his fault that she was naked on the beach in a night which was chilling rapidly. It could have been a con game. He had little money, but there must be some unaware of that fact. He didn't broadcast the knowledge that the summer's receipts barely made the mortgage payments. There were those who would look at the attractive motel, locked and boarded for the winter, with only one man—less than one man if the missing parts were deducted—guarding it, and think, *here is easy pickings*.

Belmont didn't own a gun. He was sated on guns. Flash-blood-pain-pity-in-the-snow sated he was with a dying German boy, others dead but not rotting because of the cold which took root in him, fusing his feet to the ice. He hated the boy, the dead; the sergeant who ran his bayonet through the boy when the patrol found him, the surgeon who cut so unfeelingly into his own flesh, the general who smiled at the thought of the carnage in the snow as the citation was read. A long time hating, and it extended past himself to the woman because she was a person, involved in mankind.

He went to find her. He drove toward the village and found her huddled in the back seat of a jalopy used by the workmen of the past summer, left unwanted at the deserted pier.

"My good Samaritan friend," she said in a voice devoid of emotion, her lips tight set. "So you decided that it might be worthwhile, after all."

"Get out."

She obeyed. Since there was nothing in the car to be used as covering, she was as naked as before. She struggled through the sand behind Everett. He stop-

ped, removed his jacket and offered it. She took it and wrapped it around her body.

At his motel he walked to his room, knowing that she was following, but giving no sign of caring. "There's only one room. The others are boarded."

"How cozy," she said.

"You there." He indicated the three-quarter bed on the far wall.

"If I could use your telephone—"

"It's disconnected."

"You'll get your reward, good Samaritan. I'm not ungrateful."

"Just what value would you set for such a service?" Everett asked, his very voice a challenge.

"During our association my assets have been glaringly evident."

He hit her, but not because of her suggestion. Being human, she would expect him to claim his share of a cast-off treasure—slightly used, perhaps, but still worth salvaging. He hit her because it would be only human to extract the last vestige of worth from such easy availability. He hit her because she had spoken it, because she had the audacity to claim him as a member of her race.

She pressed her hand against her cheek. Her eyes were blue and there was only blankness in them.

"Great God, woman, are you so far gone that you stand for that?" It was his way of being sorry.

Her eyes widened, a questioning look. "I should scream?"

He shrugged his acceptance of her banality. "What did you do when you were kicked out onto the beach? Were you used up, like a dirty napkin?"

"I was swimming."

"And some dirty little boys came along and threw your clothes into a tall oak tree."

"All right, father confessor." She was snapping at him, her voice rising a detectable fraction. "So I got used."

"Apparently that is no novelty."

"He must think it's hilarious."

"Nice boy," Everett said. "I suppose you think that he'll come back for you?"

"He might, when he sobers up a bit. He's not bad as men go."

Everett snorted derisively. "So that's the excuse. You just spit out the word men and excuse yourself."

"How would you say it? With a capital M?"

"You've forgotten that men are what they are expected to be." He was uncomfortable standing.

The room, like the moist outside air, was chilled. She faced him squarely, the short jacket leaving her shoulders and legs uncovered as she clutched it to her breast. As he glared at her, she dropped the coat to the floor and extended her arms.

"I say thanks even to bastards like you," she said coldly. "If you want it, come and get it. Otherwise, take what's left of your manhood to bed with you and mawl into the pillow."

"Apparently you've forgotten another great truth," he said with infuriating patience. "The worth of a commodity is determined by the difficulty in obtaining it."

"I've never been bothered by that problem. There are always takers."

"They take," Everett agreed. "What then? How many times have you been dumped? How many came back?"

She stepped toward him. "If this is your perverted way of exciting yourself—" He raised his arm. "No," she whispered fiercely. "If you hit me again I'll—"

"You'll what?" Containing himself, he lowered his arm.

Her lip trembled and there were tears in her eyes. "I don't know."

He wanted to hit her then, really wanted to hurt her. "Go to bed," he said harshly.

Once again he removed his feet. He heard her moving on the bed across the room, and through the salt air he felt, over the familiar (Continued on page 60)

THE NUDE BEACHCOMBER

THE FIVE GREAT BULLFIGHTS

OF THE PAST TEN YEARS

There have been only 5 truly unforgettable fights along the U.S.-Mexico border in the last decade. The stars: Carlos Arruza, Ramon Tirado, Joselito Caracas, Joselillo de Colombia & Rafael Rodriguez

By HOYT McAFEE

THERE have been only five all-round great and unforgettable bullfights during the past ten years. On the face of it, this seems to be a sorry record for bull rings along the U.S.-Mexico border. On the other hand, it should be added that dozens of corridas staged over that period produced flashes of greatness. In the final test, however, only five had that electrifying quality and blockbuster wallop which lifted them into the rare category of classics. Four of them came off in Juarez, largest city along the U.S.-Mexico frontier, and one in Tijuana.

Carlos Arruza, an all-time great of the bull ring, starred in one of them; Joselito Caracas, a little-known torero from Venezuela, in one; Joselillo de Colombia, ace matador from Colombia, in one; daring torero Ramon Tirado of Mexico in one; and the matador noted for his classical passes—Rafael Rodriguez of Mexico—in one.

No bull ring exploit touched off as much sheer, runaway excitement as the performance of Joselito Caracas. This little-publicized matador from Venezuela responded pretty much like Jack Dempsey the time Luis Firpo knocked him out of the arena and into the laps of sports writers at ringside. In short, when the chips were down, Caracas had that rare spark of courage and fighting spirit which turned momentary disaster into a rousing triumph.

It all started on a hot July afternoon at Juarez's Alberto Balderas Bull Ring. Caracas, a swarthy and spare-of-build young torero, blun-

dered and fumbled on his first two bulls. Disgusted spectators clenched their fists, leaned forward in their seats, and shouted insults at the Venezuelan.

His face flushed, Caracas surveyed the crowd for a moment. He then rushed over to the corner of the arena nearest the judges' box. With a motion of his right arm he resorted to *obsequio*, the request for permission to buy and fight an extra bull. Approved, the judges signaled back.

By this time, however, many aficionados had lost all patience with Caracas. Still hooting derisively, they rose and began shuffling toward the exits. But some of them halted abruptly when they saw Joselito Caracas suddenly race across the bull ring. Dropping to his knees near the *toril* (tunnel) gate, he spread the folds of his large capote on the sand. Two or

three seconds later a furious, power-packed bull exploded into the arena. Caracas was primed for the animal.

He executed one beautiful *larga cambiada*, a swinging pass over the head and shoulders. Then, springing to his feet, he shifted his position, sank to his knees again, and repeated that exciting pass four times—flawlessly so! Spectators who had already reached the exits wheeled and came scrambling back to the closest available seats.

Caracas was just getting warmed up. Casting aside his capote, he thrust his head forward and looked the now-immobile bull straight in the eye.



Sighting for the kill is college student Eduardo Vargas, 20, typical of up-and-coming young toreros who fight in "Plazas del Toro" throughout Mexico.



Venezuelan Matador Joselito Caracas—one of the 10 best—shows use of Descabello, sword with crossbar, in killing el toro.



All-time great Carlos Arruza holds cape behind his back as he draws bull close to his body in one of his famous passes.



Matador Joselillo de Colombia (shown with pretty Mary Lou Marshall) is all smiles after winning bull's 2 ears, tail and hoof.

After an interval of 30 seconds he touched the animal's horn tips, rose to his feet, and strode toward the barricade.

Even before the storm of cheers had subsided, Joselito Caracas whirled and sprinted across the arena. His action puzzled spectators, bull ring judges, and those of us in the press section. A moment later, however, we saw what he had in mind.

Standing near the bull ring gate, Joselito Caracas blocked the entrance of the picadors. Waving toward the judges with a defiant gesture of his right arm, he commanded: "Out with the picadors!" Responding to the fiery Venezuelan's wish, the trumpeter was instructed to sound retreat for the armor-laden men on padded horses.

That moment was the thrill of a lifetime for thousands of aficionados. Their hoarse-throated salute to Caracas lasted well over a minute. Only a rare one among them had ever seen a torero dispense with the picadors.

Caracas seized on the rapport he had established with the crowd by placing his own banderillas. He planted one pair with a graceful side-stepping maneuver as the bull hurtled past him at top speed. He flicked the remaining four sticks into the animal's shoulder while standing on the *estribo*, the stirrup along the barricade.

Inspired by the growing volume of cheers, Caracas called out to his toro in a commanding voice. He had the crowd gasping over the closeness with which he brought the animal across his hips, stomach and chest. His flowing one-handed passes on the left side reminded spectators of willow trees bending gracefully in the wind.

Tossed twice by the bull, Caracas sprang nimbly to his feet, snatched up his fallen muleta, and returned to the fight. Turning toward the crowd, he flashed a grin and pulled off his last seven passes by instinct. Not once, during that dramatic interval, did he glance at the charging animal!

Silence fell over the stands as Caracas held up his sword. Carefully he sighted along the blade and profiled the bull. Luring a charge from it, he swept forward, reached over the horns, and buried the weapon up to the hilt in the animal's shoulder. Down it went in a lurching movement.

That was it—a swift and clean kill; an emotion-packed moment of the bullfight. Joselito Caracas thus lifted himself from the misery pit of the crowd's scorn to the charmed circle of a bull ring hero. People who earlier had booed and reviled him now leaped to their feet and acclaimed him tumultuously.

Awarded two ears, a tail and a hoof, he left the arena on the shoulders of his admirers. His processional was forced to a halt several times outside the bull ring and along a Juarez side street. Hundreds of spectators pressed in close. They pumped Caracas' hand, snapped photos of him, and held up autograph books for him to sign.

On another occasion in Juarez, Carlos Arruza performed before an overflow crowd at the Alberto Balderas Bull Ring. It was his afternoon to soar off to his most emotion-stirring performance along the U.S.-Mexico border.

At the outset, Carlos demonstrated his skill and expertness by placing long darts in the bull's shoulder from horseback. After dismounting, he faced his fighting animal with the scarlet muleta. Repeatedly the bull bore down upon him in powerhouse rushes. Each time Arruza remained rooted to one spot in the center of the arena, his feet close together and his body as erect as a statue. With wrist and arm movements he flashed his cloth, and unerringly the infuriated animal swept under or past the muleta. Oles vibrated across the arena.

Stimulated by that response, Arruza prolonged his faena. He backed up and cited his bull from lengthy distances. It seemed to aficionados that a secret spring within Carlos was uncoiling and, in the process, lifting and lowering the muleta. In short, it appeared that the Mexican



Here Rafael Rodriguez (r.) is "grounded" by bull. In another corrida Rafael whipped a lazy bull into a frenzy, made 6 artistic passes, won 2 ears and tail, plus offer of the hoof.

Cyclone was doing his passes without using a muscle in his body.

On impulse he decided to do the most dangerous pass in bullfighting—the *mariposa*, or butterfly pass. Flipping the cloth across his shoulder, he cited the animal, enticed it into charging, and swung his cloth in razzle-dazzle fashion. Twice the oncoming animal changed directions and, finally, went hurtling behind Arruza's back. What an uproar of joy that touched off in the stands!

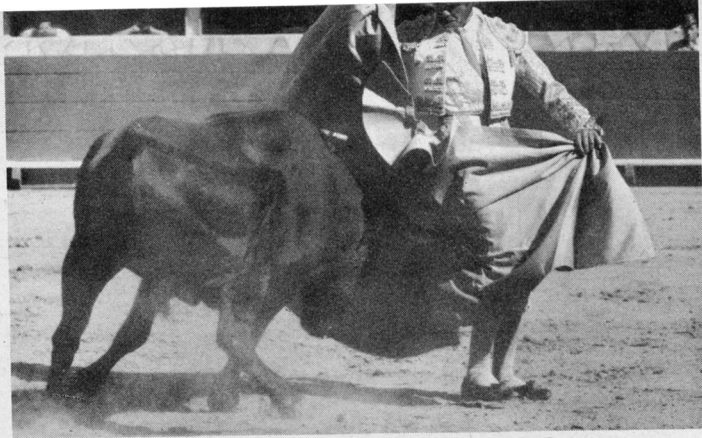
Arruza's one powerful sword plunge found the mark—exactly. His thrilling performance earned him two ears, a tail and a hoof; an award comparable to a game-winning, grand-slam homer in baseball. In addition, thousands of aficionados rose and gave Arruza an uproarious ovation.

On still another afternoon at Monumental in Juarez I watched with curiosity as Mexican Matadors Luis Procuna and Antonio Del Olivar did a bit of clever conspiring. They tried to "give the bath to" (show up) their No. 1 rival from South America, Joselillo de Colombia.

For a while it looked like they'd get away with it. For instance, Joselillo flopped badly on his first bull. Not so Procuna. His expertness in placing the banderillas threw the crowd into jubilant spirits. In addition, Procuna's excellent showing with the cloth and sword netted him two ears on his first toro. And the same on his second one.

Antonio Del Olivar flowed into action. His slow, classical and almost poetic passes stirred a mighty response from the crowd. Then Procuna and Del Olivar rushed out separately and executed passes on Joselillo's second bull. It was a real *toro bravo*, brave bull. Joselillo wanted at all costs to preserve its fighting spirit.

Furious over the maneuvering of Procuna and Del Olivar, Joselillo stormed out and lured his bull away from his rivals. Joselillo's three straight *larga camdiadas*, all of them deftly executed from a kneeling position, took the animal over his head in long, wild, soaring leaps. Then



Ramon Tirado executes a "chiquelina" while bull's horn grazes his body in passing. In one exciting match Tirado's bull proved to be so brave, it was granted an "indulto," or pardon.

Joselillo pulled a "Joselito Caracas"—he waved the picadors back when they started to enter the arena.

When the time came for Joselillo to perform with the muleta, he executed kneeling passes, passes with his eyes averted and his back turned to the bull, and passes over against the barricade. On all of its spirited rushes, the bull ripped pieces of thread out of Joselillo's jacket and stained it with blood.

Fascinated by Joselillo's performance, the aficionados protested momentarily when he raised his sword and prepared to go in for the kill. But when his clean, accurate thrust flattened the animal with a convulsive shudder, the crowd jumped to its feet and let go with a collective rousing shout.

Earlier Joselillo had dedicated his brave bull to me. When he came trotting around the arena with the animal's two ears, tail and hoof clutched in his hands, he paused in front of my press seat and tossed the trophies into my lap.

As to the supposition that a bull never survives, that it always meets death in the arena, this happens to be false. On five occasions along the U.S.-Mexico border I've seen brave animals win the *indulto*, or pardon. One of them (in behalf of Soberano in Juarez) was, according to Matador Alfonso Calesero, a mistake.

Calesero fought Soberano at Monumental Bull Ring. What really happened was this: a planted cheering section sent up such a clamor that the judges finally ordered: "Spare Soberano's life."

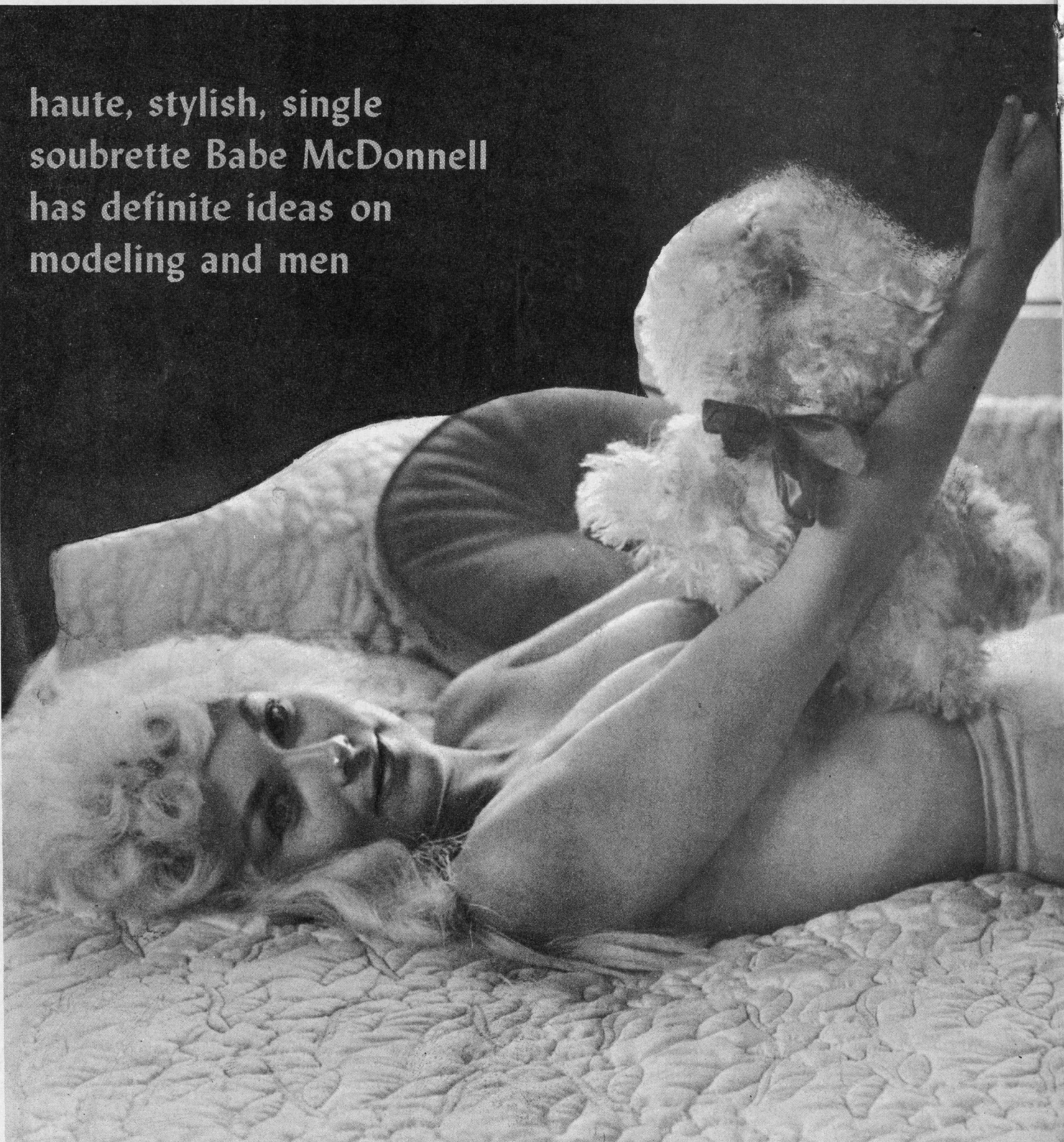
No doubt whatever surrounded the pardon granted a toro named Vanidoso. Matador Ramon Tirado dueled with this fierce animal at El Toreo Plaza in Tijuana. It was a bullfight which rocked with excitement.

Ramon had to do something out of the ordinary that afternoon. For one reason, he was pitted against his most bitter bull ring rival in that corrida—Alfredo Leal. For another, Leal, who fought ahead of Ramon, came through with a brilliant performance. (Continued on page 59)

A FLAIR OF HER OWN

• When she's called before a camera, Babe McDonnell knows exactly how to pose herself to display her green eyes, silver-blond tresses and enticing other qualities. She's equally ready when called to discourse on the masculine gender. She's attracted to males who are men enough to appreciate her body and gentlemen enough to give her credit for her mind.

haute, stylish, single
soubrette Babe McDonnell
has definite ideas on
modeling and men









As we go to press, Babe is sharing her bachelorette pad with a collection of toy dogs. However, she's on the lookout for a live cat who will (1) treat her with the utmost respect and (2) let her combine modeling with marriage.

SIR'S JOKES FOR PLAYTIME

● A chick once bugged an old stud on why he'd never gotten hooked on the marriage bit.

"Well," he wiggled, "dig the scene. Like, when I was a real tender cat I dug a swingin' bitch the most, but I was hyped, man, when I sounded her on how I hawked her. Like, man, I couldn't get with it until I made like Tarzan: 'Listen, Baby, let's go to the man and make the ball-and-chain scene.' But the chick flipped. 'Don't put me on, Big Daddy, who'd pick up on either one of us?'"



● There are two kinds of women: those who keep their love letters and those whose love letters keep them.

● When the wife of a high-spirited man insists on wearing the pants, some other woman usually get the fur coat.

● Then there was the unlucky bearded lady who was fired when the boss of the circus caught him taking a bath.

● The trouble with girls who look like a million is that they are looking for it, too.

● What makes so many modern marriages a flop is that the ceremonies are opened with a corkscrew.

● Many a swell-looking little chicken turns out to be a dumb cluck.

● An old maid is a lemon that's never been squeezed.

● Blackmail victims are usually people who were caught with their pants down.

● One trouble with being virtuous is that you can't tell your friends about it afterward.

● When a rich old playboy dives into the Sea of Matrimony with a gold digger, he usually gets soaked.

● Tact is what a girl uses to make a slow man think he's a fast worker.

● Men who go on the loose frequently end up tight.

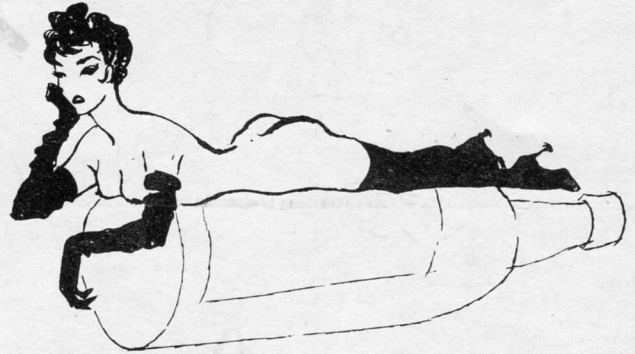
● Overheard at a group therapy session:

"Do you know what I think of married life?"

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Yes."



● Back from her two-week honeymoon, Betty breathlessly reported to her mother: "Pierre is wonderful to me. He gives me everything I ask for."

Said Mother, with the wisdom of twenty-five years' experience: "That merely shows, my dear child, that you are not asking enough."



● Handy toasts for all occasions:

In your pad or hers:—"May we kiss those we please, and please those we kiss!"

At the bachelor send-off before freedom's end:—"Here's to man: he can afford anything he can get. Here's to woman: she can afford anything that she can get a man to get for her!"

When Johnny goes off on that once-a-year-two-week-vacation binge:—"Here's to de holidays! Bless de hull t'ree hundred and sixty-five of 'em!"—Hobo's Toast.

● What's your favorite joke or gag? Send it to *PLAYTIME JOKES* Editor, SIR!, 21 West 26 Street, New York 10, N.Y. We will pay \$10 for any joke or gag used. In case of duplicates, the first one received will be the winner. Jokes and gags cannot be returned.



"Now don't tell me you've got amnesia again!"



Inge and Wolfgang Eulitz are now enjoying their free new life in Dublin, Ireland, where Wolf plays the double bass with Eire's Symphony Orchestra.

● Probably the most exciting escape story since the East German Communists closed their border with high wires and a wall was the news release from West Germany some months ago which stated that a young musician had brought his 18-year-old fiancée through the East German gates, or checkpoints, strapped underneath his automobile, with her head riding only two inches off the ground. The two young lovers who accomplished one of the most fantastic escapes on record from behind the Iron Curtain were Inge Lange of East Berlin and Wolfgang Eulitz.

While Wolfgang was inside the guards' hut, answering questions and having his credentials looked over, Inge lay strapped beneath the running gear of the car. Here is the way she described her moment of truth as grim-faced checkpoint guards checked out the car:

"The grim jackboots were mud-splattered and only inches away from my face. My heart knocked like a

ESCAPE THROUGH the WALL

By INGE and WOLFGANG EULITZ
as told to STEVE FORREST

Pretty blonde Inge shows how, for more than 3 hours, she was strapped under Wolf's car, her hair dragging along the road, almost afraid to breathe as East German police searched the car at 4 checkpoints.



Strapping his 18-year-old fiancée under his car, Wolfgang Eulitz rode through 4 checkpoints to crash the Berlin wall. The suicidal dash for freedom of these two young lovers is the most exciting escape story since the East German Reds built the infamous wall

Police searched this car's hood and interior, but never underneath, where Inge was hiding.



ESCAPE THROUGH the WALL

machine gun. Inge, I said to myself, *keep calm or they'll kill you*. A bit further and the jackboots would have buried my long hair on East Berlin's asphalt. Three hours ago I had tied up my blonde hair, but it had come loose and swept 5 miles of East Berlin streets. The jackboots shuffled and the dirty water from the car's exhaust ran into my face, stuck in my eyes and tickled in my nose. My hands were glued to the back of the car's A-frame and I couldn't wipe the dirt out of my face. I wanted to sneeze but knew this would have been the end. Good-bye to freedom and Wolfgang . . . vicious kicks or MP bullets into my bottom . . . searchlights in my eyes . . . Siberia . . . living death . . . heavenly music on coffin nails . . .

"What did I think of at this minute of the greatest peril to my life? Gee, I thought, *I wouldn't like to be the woman to clean those jackboots*. Funny, isn't it? They say your whole life passes in front of your eyes in a moment like this, but I only thought of crazy things.

"In those jackboots were the feet of an East German *Vope* (policeman) who had been ordered to shoot to kill. Methodically he checked under the hood and seats and in the boot of the car. Any minute now I was sure he would look under the car and see me. I was strapped to the chassis and only two inches from the asphalt. I was holding onto the A-frame like a pole vaulter to his pole. Wolf had been told that the odds were 100 to 1 of us succeeding this suicidal way, but we were willing to risk our lives to live together in freedom."

For weeks Wolfgang, 22, and Inge, 18, had prepared their suicidal attempt to beat the gunhappy East German police and get through the wall to the safety of West Berlin. They had met and fallen in love four years before, at East Berlin's Academy of Music. Wolfgang, who played the double bass, was the only one in the school to pass the tough entrance exam for the university, but after a year of study there, he was asked, like all his colleagues, to do the "practical year" of working in an East Berlin factory for "the glory of the peoples' republic."

Wolfgang was too anxious to get on with his musical studies, and afraid he would spoil his hands for a musical instrument. So he escaped to West Berlin. With his talent, Wolf immediately got a scholarship to West Berlin's university. He passed the final exam at the age of 20, the youngest pupil ever to do so. All this time he had kept on living in East Berlin lodgings near Inge's boarding school, and earning East German marks by playing dance music. There was no wall yet dividing the city, and they saw each other every night.

After graduation Wolfgang immediately got an offer from Eire's Symphony Orchestra to play the double bass in Dublin. Inge agreed he should not miss this chance, and in August of last year Wolf left for Dublin. Wolf remembers the shock he had when Dublin newspapers reported on the 13th of August that the East Germans were building a wall to prevent their people from escaping to the West.

"I had to get Inge out of East Berlin so we could get married and bring up our children in the freedom of the West," says Wolf. "We planned it carefully. I first bought a Skoda car in Dublin, manufactured in Prague behind the Iron Curtain, to make it easier for me to cross

to the other side. In July of this year my holidays began and I drove the Skoda all the way to West Berlin. Then I crossed to the East. This is allowed for West Germans, but not for Berliners, but they couldn't see from my passport that I had previously fled from East Berlin. During the next weeks I drove every day to see Inge and plan the escape. To keep the Communists from getting suspicious, I reported to the headquarters of the East German police at Alexanderplatz. I told them I wished to return to the "workers' paradise" in East Germany, having been disappointed by the "capitalistic West." I asked for residential qualifications and said I only had to go back to Ireland once again to get my personal effects. They were delighted to find a lost sheep returning to the Eastern flock and told the border police at checkpoint Heinrich Heine Strasse that I could regularly cross into and out of East Berlin. They soon got used to my face and my car at the checkpoint, which would make our escape easier."

"We thought of many way to escape," interrupted Inge, "before deciding on this suicidal plan. We first tried in vain to contact groups which had prepared escape routes, tunnels under the wall. Then we checked the situation at the East Berlin Bernholmer Strasse station which borders on West Berlin. It would have meant a 60-yard run for our lives, including climbing a small wire fence. With the gunhappy East German police, this would have been too big a risk. We then had a look at the canal, which for some distance runs between East and West Berlin. But there were seven wires on the Eastern side, including one that would sound the alarm, and we would have been unprotected from tommy gun fire for too long a way while swimming the canal. We then looked at some shafts leading to the underground stations. There is one West Berlin line, in the direction of Gesundbrunnen, which runs through eight East Berlin stations that are now closed. If I could get into the air shaft, Wolf could pull the emergency brake and I could quickly board the train and escape to the next station, which would have been West Berlin. But all trains in Berlin are controlled from headquarters in the East, and there was a danger that they would first stop and check a train that was stopped by emergency brakes before allowing it to proceed to the next station in West Berlin. We also found that the lids to the shafts were cemented into the road, and it would have been quite a job to open them. After we kept on watching the East German police at the Heinrich Heine Strasse checkpoint, we noticed that they always checked the boot, the inside of the car and under the hood, but only once did we see them look under the car. They obviously felt it was impossible to escape that way. So we decided that Wolf would smuggle me out under the car."

"I tried it out with Karl-Heins, my brother, who lives in West Berlin's Moehlenstrasse," said Wolf. "The belts we used to tie him to the chassis held him for hours, and he is nearly twice the weight of Inge. He just scraped the road surface and I was sure Inge would make it. A window cleaner friend of mine let me borrow the life belt he uses when cleaning windows high up, and (Continued on page 58)



Inge and Wolf in their Dublin apartment. The ordeal is behind them, but they'll never forget it. (Below) Wolf at a practice session with Symphony Orchestra.



The young lovers the East German Commies couldn't keep apart stroll along a Dublin street. They met while attending the Academy of Music in East Berlin.



A time to relax—and it's very well deserved. Their daring escape was a 100-to-1 shot.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT **POLARIS SUBS**



R. Adm. W. F. Raborn, Jr., Navy's Special Projects Officer (c) was guiding hand in test aboard missile sub "George Washington," from which 2 Polaris vehicles were launched in first full-scale test of all elements of the Navy's fleet ballistic missile weapons system.

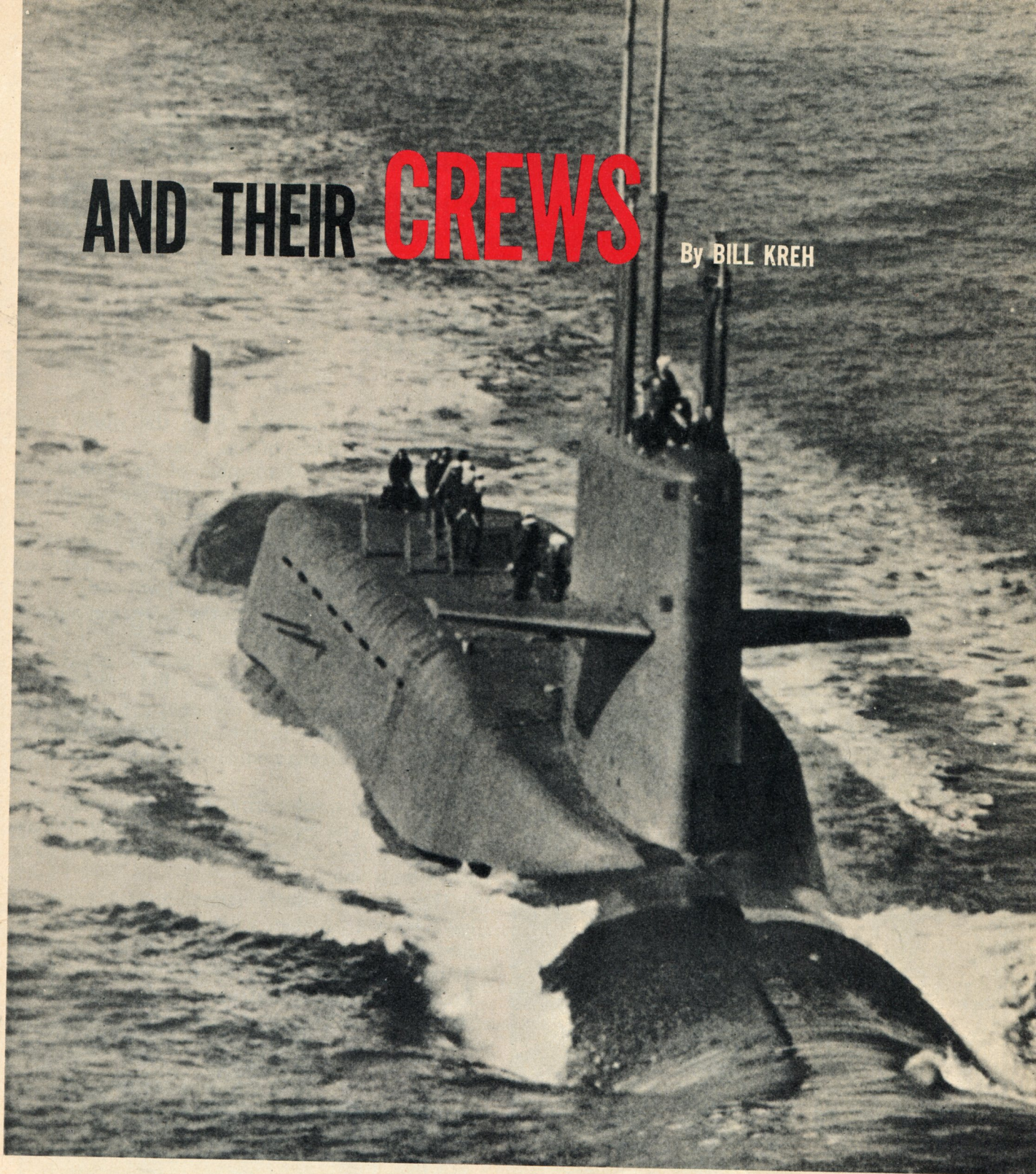
Our men of the missile sub fleet must be the most psychologically sound men of the Navy

● A young father named Douglas H. Ball left home for work the other night. It was nearly midnight but his wife and son stayed up to say good-by. Like most working men, Douglas kissed his family good-by after going over the usual do's and don'ts for the family until he got home. But Douglas didn't come home the next morning. His "work day" is two months long!

Douglas is a sailor, and he and thousands of other Navy men call southeastern Connecticut home. They're probably the world's strangest commuters. Besides the two-month work day, they go and come in the middle of night, live 3000 miles from their work, and commute by jet airplanes. And they're all pretty tight-lipped about their work.

AND THEIR CREWS

By BILL KREH



Douglas and his shipmates are crewmen of the Navy's Polaris submarines.

This strange way of life for Douglas, who lives in Groton, Connecticut, is a result of the Navy's unusual system of having two crews for its missile submarines. In fact, these submarines are the only ships in the Navy with two commanding officers.

From the first, with the almost unlimited cruising range of nuclear power at their disposal, Navy planners realized that the only limitation on the length of a missile submarine's patrol was the crew itself.

Hence, two crews. While one crew is with the submarine, the second crew is refreshing itself in both a physical and training sense for the next



Commanding Officer J. B. Osborn (r.) of USS "George Washington" holds conference with his officers during 2-month tour of duty.



Electronics technician Larry Alexander keeps up with the news while his shipmate Henry Coatsworth catches up with his rest.



Fireman David McGettigan (ab. l.) draws KP. Crewmen (r.) check out equipment for controlling the firing of a Polaris missile.



Torpedoman's Mate John Adamson (l.) and Gunner's Mate Richard Haderski work on a tube in the sub's lower missile level.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT POLARIS SUBS AND THEIR CREWS

two months of isolation from the world, deep beneath the surface of the ocean.

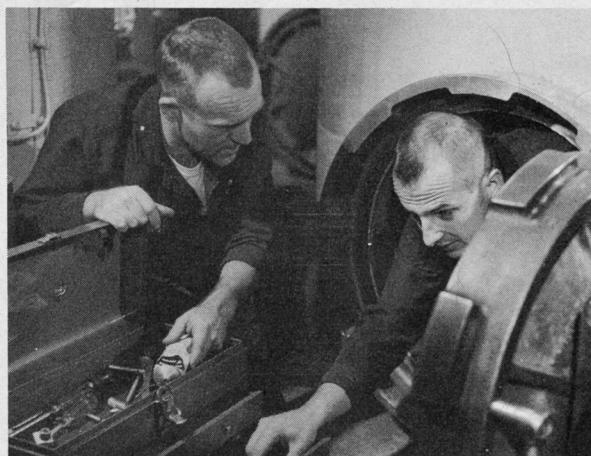
Douglas Ball is a member of the Gold Crew of the USS *Sam Houston*. This crew periodically relieves members of the sub's Blue Crew.

The middle-of-the-night departure for Petty Officer Ball and other Polaris sailors is a matter of scheduling to put the crews down early in the morning at Prestwick, Scotland, nearest airport to the Navy's submarine anchorage in Holy Loch. There they report to their submarine, and in a few days the underwater ship slips silently out of port and takes up station beneath the waves somewhere in the Atlantic or Mediterranean. It's strange and somewhat harrowing duty.

The Navy's submarine force has long been known as "The Silent Service." But the Polaris submarine fleet is "The Silent Service" in more ways than one.

Though underwater communications always have been a problem with submarines—as witness the garbled last message from the lost submarine *Thresher* which, by the way, was not a Polaris submarine, but an attack submarine—the total lack of

(Continued on page 65)



BILL KREH'S STRICTLY G.I.

NAVY SCIENTISTS TALK TO PORPOISES



Bill Kreh is a military writer and WW II Navy vet.

Some of the Navy's top weapons of the future may be developed with the help of a black-backed, white-bellied creature of the deep that's a familiar sight to sailors everywhere. It's a mammal called tursiops truncatus, but more commonly known to all as the bottle-nosed dolphin, or porpoise.

The Navy has more than just a passing interest in these playful porpoises. In fact, right now there are scientists under Navy contract who are trying to learn as much as they can about these remarkable creatures.

Why?

For one thing, the Navy would like to find out how these sea mammals swim as fast—up to 45 miles an hour—and as silently as they do.

If the Navy comes up with the answer, you can be sure that future submarines and torpedoes will be patterned the same way.

Not long ago I talked to Dr. Margaret Tavalga, one of the scientists who is doing research on porpoises for the Navy. Dr. Tavalga is with the American Museum of Natural History and is doing her work at the Lerner Marine Laboratory on Bimini Island in the Bahamas.

As we stood next to a large pen in 12-foot-deep water and watched three of her "subjects" gracefully break water, Dr. Tavalga told me a little about these strange creatures.

The doctor said there's a theory that the porpoise has a way of reducing water friction. Water flows smoothly around the creature's pointed nose, where its skin is nearly bloodless. Toward the tail, where turbulence builds up, the animal has more skin blood vessels.

Some scientists say this greater blood circulation toward the tail could produce a smoother flow either through heat transfer to the water or by wrinkling the skin.

If the Navy could find out exactly how this works, submarines and torpedoes could be given heated plastic skins that ripple, making them faster and quieter.

Much of this research is being done at Point Mugu, California, where the Navy recently built a special pool and captured six porpoises to study.

This "underwater kindergarten" for porpoises will be used to try to teach the sea-going mammals how to count, fetch, tow objects underwater and, hopefully, even to talk.

Belief that porpoises can be taught to speak grew out of experiments with a young female dolphin named Notty, which died not long ago. Navy scientists taught Notty to recognize the words "ball," "hat," "ring" and "stick," and to fetch these items on voice command.

Porpoises apparently talk to one another by means of beeps they make with the blowholes in the top of their bulging heads. Navy scientists have recorded these sounds and have been able to duplicate them in an effort to converse with porpoises in their own language.

The nation's Space Agency has also realized the importance of trying to learn more about the porpoise. This agency recently awarded a contract to Dr. John C. Lilly, a noted authority on the porpoise, to study the possibility of meaningful two-way communication between porpoises and humans. The idea apparently is to study way that humans can communicate with other species, perhaps living beings on other planets.

Just how smart is a porpoise?

Plenty.

The Navy once gave monkeys, humans and porpoises intelligence tests. Monkeys didn't come up with the right answers until after 200 tries; humans took six tries; the porpoises had the answers after only two attempts.

Could porpoises be trained by the Navy to detect and identify enemy submarines?

I asked some Navy officials that, half in jest. They didn't smile. Instead I got a terse "no comment," which probably means this possibility is being considered.

One thing the Navy will admit it's interested in learning more about is the porpoise's amazing sonar system. The mammal apparently has a greater sound range than Navy anti-submarine defense equipment, and may be able to contribute to submarine detection techniques.

Just how amazing the dolphin's sonar system is has been demonstrated in a series of Navy tests. Two of the marine mammals were put in a large muddy pool. Visibility in the pool was only about 20 inches at the most.

The 55-by-70-foot pool was studded with metal poles which, if touched, rang a bell. During their first 20 minutes of swimming through this maze, the two porpoises together brushed the poles only four times. Apparently their contacts took place when their horizontal tail flukes touched the poles after their bodies had already passed the pole.

In the second 20-minute session in this obstacle course, the porpoises made even fewer contacts with the poles. After that they negotiated the course in test after test without once ringing the bell. Even in total darkness the porpoises swam all over the pool without hitting the rods.

Later experiments showed that a porpoise can use its sonar to quickly and easily judge target sizes. This was shown by dropping 6-inch spot fish—a real delicacy to the mammal—into the pond along with some 12-inch mullet, which is not quite as tasty. No matter how dark or (Continued on page 62)



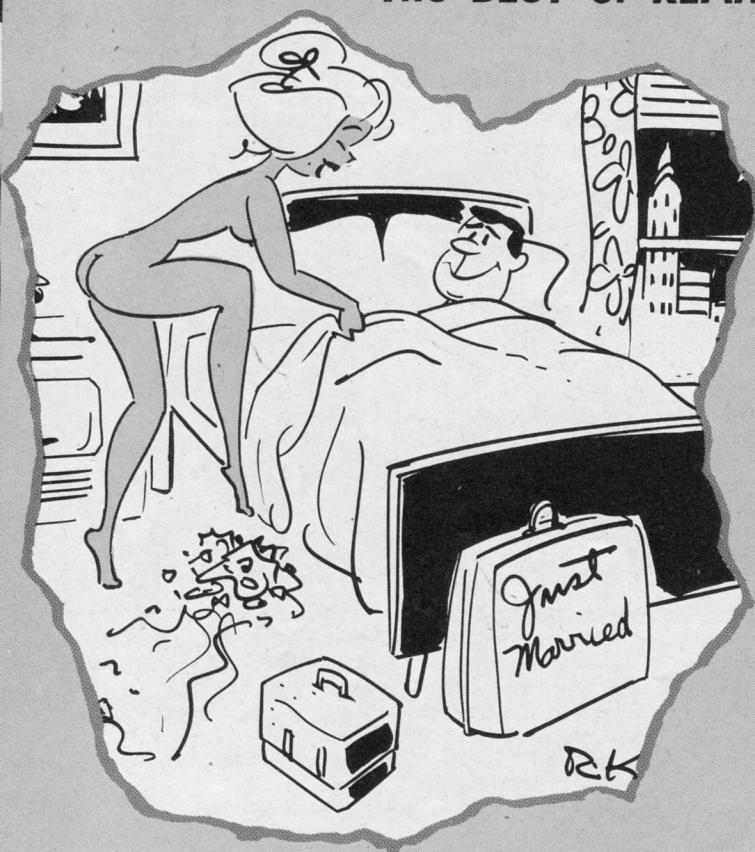
"Oh, you and your stamp collection!"



"Just another stage-struck kid who came to Hollywood to be discovered!"

JUST FOR YOU, SIR!

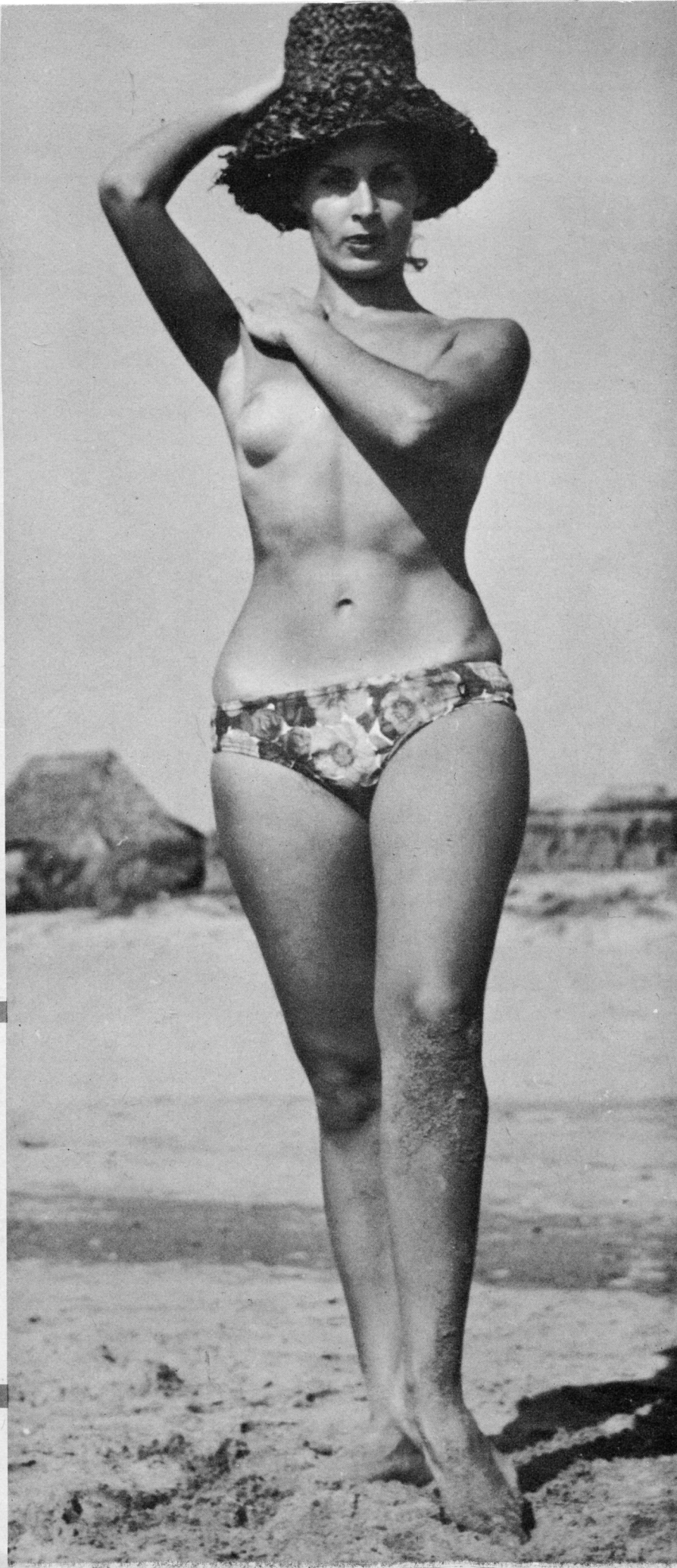
The **BEST** of REAMER KELLER



"Now I'm going to start to give you the best years of my life!"



"Now this one has tuning knobs which are designed especially to interest bachelors!"



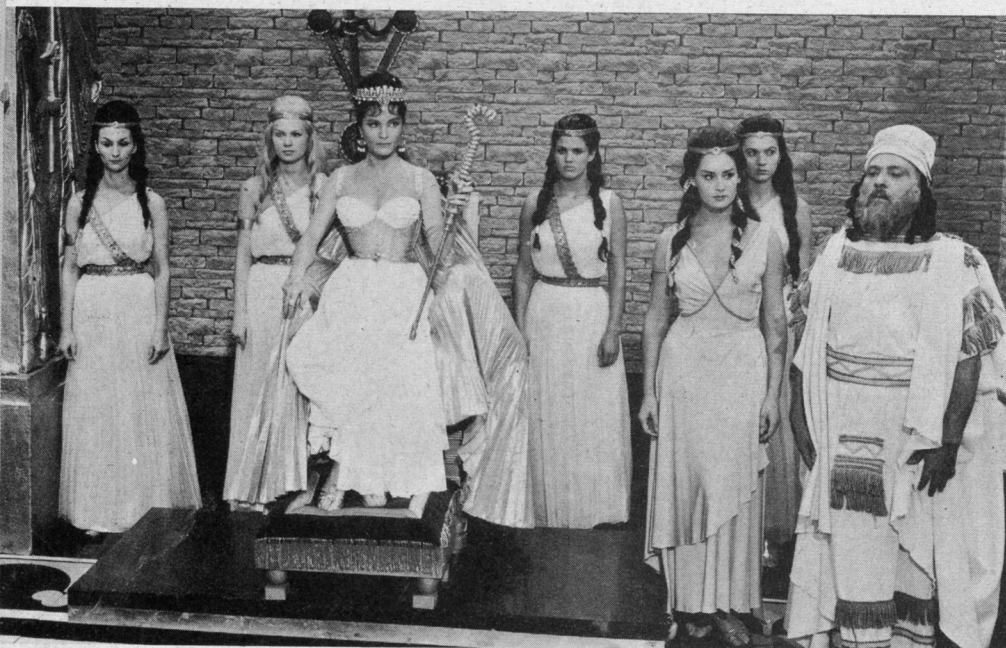
SLAVE GIRL

Anna-Maria
Ubaldi

SLAVE GIRL



Anna-Maria's been in only 2 movies, but Italian fans and "paparazzi" dig her the most.



Beautiful reasons to see "Seven Sins of Semiramis." Anna-Maria's second from right.

● If 1963 goes down in history as the year of the queen—Cleopatra of the Nile—it may also be remembered as the year of the slave girl Semiramis, as played by a sultry newcomer to the Italian screen, Anna-Maria Uboldi. Anna-Maria feels she was well-qualified to play a slave girl; in fact, she believes that all women secretly yearn to be completely dominated. A native of Rome, the 20-year-old dark-eyed beauty has appeared in only two movies, "The Seven Sins of Semiramis" and "Solitude," but already the *paparazzi* follow her around the city, and actor James Mason is said to have flipped for her. When Anna-Maria wants to get away from her new popularity, she climbs high into the Colosseum and meditates while eating oranges. Her agent is now working on a Hollywood contract for her. Anna-Maria does not mind giving movieville a whirl because she knows they grow lots of oranges in California.





The Case for **GIRL** **CADDIES**

By TOM McARDLE





Joseph Kennedy, the President's father, on a Riviera golf course with his favorite caddy, Francoise Autiero.

When Francoise married Lucien Autiero, the couple, fittingly enough, left the church under an arch of golf clubs.

After one brief try, there



The Case for GIRL CADDIES

Girl caddy enhances beauty of golf course in Adelaide, Australia. They're used almost exclusively on Japanese links.



now isn't a club in the United States that has a girl caddy



In 1962 Francoise (fishing golf ball out of lake) set up school for girl caddies at swank Doral Country Club in Miami.

● The French do it, the Belgians do it, the Japanese and the Australians do it, too—their fairways are a good deal fairer and their golfers can view an exciting bit of moving scenery in the shape of shapely young girl caddies. When a golfer asks for his favorite club, a soft hand gives it to him, and a girl-type voice smilingly tells him the distance he has to drive.

You may wonder why these countries have a monopoly on such an obviously sound idea for the betterment of the game, and why it hasn't been picked up on here.

It has been tried. In fact, when the swank Doral Beach Country Club in Miami, Florida

opened its doors early in 1962, it also opened a school to train gal caddies, headed by attractive Frenchwoman Francoise Pellegrino Autiero.

Francoise emerged a celebrity a couple of years ago when it became known that the young blonde, then 22, was the favorite caddy of Joseph P. Kennedy, JFK's father, during his vacation stays on the Riviera. Francoise also caddied for such notables as Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye.

During her five-year golf course association with the elder Kennedy, Francoise learned to speak English. After her marriage to Lucien Autiero, she and (Continued on page 62)

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NOT THEIR PATSY

(Continued from page 25)

to some of the girls. *Damn Air Force.*

He began contemplating Nice Legs again, but his attention was diverted by the appearance of a drowsy-looking combo. *Ten o'clock and they're tired. Probably take the needle.*

He signaled the waiter and put five marks sixty pfennigs on the table. *Pay every time so they can't pad the check. I'm not their patsy.*

The combo blared out some twist music. *Smart-ass Germans.*

One of the strategic girls slithered over to his table and asked if he'd like to dance. He said he didn't; he was just having a beer. She shrugged, with her whole body, and twisted back to her table. *Anyway, can't grab the first one who comes along. Both Air Forces were dancing. Damn Air Force.*

He remembered that the place was called the Cafe Femina. *Ha ha. That's about right. Frankfurt's a big town. Sophisticated. Not like Baumholder.*

He had been in Frankfurt before, but only to pass through. Now, on leave, he was intent on enjoying it. At first he'd wandered about without real purpose, physically relishing the simple excitement of being in a big city. Then the neon "Femina" enticed him.

Suddenly Nice Legs appeared at his table and asked: "Do you want to buy me a drink, Lieutenant?"

"By all means. Sit down. What are you drinking?"

"Champagne and cognac."

The waiter was there. *He must have followed her. "One more beer and a glass of champagne."*

"Champagne and cognac."

"Okay. How come you know I'm a lieutenant?" He thought his civilian outfit was complete. The legs of his chair scraped on the floor as he slid closer to her.

"Of course, your American shoes, and you were wearing your officer's overcoat when you came in. But you took the straps off, no? You are too young to be a captain; so you are a lieutenant."

"Yeh. You're pretty smart." *So she noticed me when I came in. Boy, can I pick 'em. A rare bit of fluff. Speaks good English, too. "I noticed you, too, when I came in." That's a good approach. Make 'em feel important. Girls like her like that. He leaned close to her and lit the cigarette she had taken from his pack. "My name is Jack." Don't give them the right name.*

"I am Helga," she smiled. "Are you long in Germany?"

"I've been here about a year."

"You stay in Frankfurt?"

"No. I'm stationed in Baumholder. I'm on leave now."

"You like Baumholder?"

"You kidding? It's too small for me, and it's a GI town. Too many soldiers, you know. I like Frankfurt much better. I could never find a girl as pretty as you in Baumholder." *Boy, finesse, butter.*

She didn't answer.

He mashed out his cigarette and asked: "Say, will you excuse me for a minute?"

"Why not?"

"I'll be right back."

He went to the room labeled *Herren* and used the latrine. While washing his hands, he noticed a plate with some coins on it. A sign above the plate read, in English and in German: "Don't forget the cleaning lady." On his way out he dropped two ten-pfennig pieces noisily on the plate. *I'm not going to be their patsy.*

Helga's glass was empty. He finished his beer quickly and called the waiter. "Another beer and another drink for her. Say, this time bring one of those little bottles of champagne." *Get her drinks by the bottle, too, so they don't pass off ginger ale.*

The waiter brought a beer, a split of German champagne, and a tiny bottle of cognac. "Fifty-five marks twenty. For this and the last ones."

He paid. He and Helga talked about nothing for a few moments. Then he leaned toward her and put his hand on her knee. "You want to stay here, or do you know of another place where we can go?" he asked.

She looked at him sharply, then smiled. "Look, I am a businessgirl. You can sit here and buy me drinks if you want, but that's no money for me. If some man says to me go, I go. Fifty marks. You understand? You should tell me now so I go with you or somebody else. I am a businessgirl."

"Fifty marks," he repeated. He could feel blood rush to his face. He hoped he hadn't turned red, as he sometimes did in front of the troops. "Okay." His voice sounded strangely hoarse, husky and deep. It embarrassed him.

They took a cab. Soon he kissed her and tried to slip his hand up along her leg, but her bulky coat held him back.

"Only until midnight," she said. "I must come back, you know."

An hour and a half. She'll change her mind.

There was a black silence. Then he said: "Say, what we need is some more beer! We'll stop and get a couple of beers."

"I have beer by my place."

"No, let's stop and buy some. I can't drink your beer. You run in and get some." *Beer in bottles. Don't let the tarts slip you something. I'm not their patsy.*

"All right," she answered. It was too dark in the cab for him to see either her expression or the way she shrugged her shoulders. The cab stopped at a *Gasthaus*. A moment later she returned with three half-liter bottles. "Two marks seventy. Ten pfennigs are coming back on every bottle," she announced, almost proudly.

"Yeh," he replied. "Deposit."

The cab ride, with tip, was seven marks. He paid.

They reached her apartment—her flat, as she called it—by means of a self-service elevator. He tossed his coat on a chair. Then he kissed her.

"Go wash," she ordered, breaking away.

"What?"

"Wash yourself." She made motions. "You understand?"

He went to the bathroom to do what she said. It made him feel dirty. When he returned to the living room he put his arms around her and began to kiss her again.

She was crying.

He wondered then, for the first time, who was whose patsy. . . . THE END

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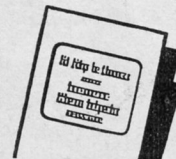
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ESCAPE THROUGH THE WALL

(Continued from page 42)

another friend welded two steel loops to the bottom of the car, through which I could pull the belt. We waited for the first night in August when it was sufficiently rainy and foggy to give our plan a chance of success. It was dark, 9:09 p.m. precisely, and there were no people around in Steinstrasse near East Berlin's Alexanderplatz. Most of the houses were just ruins, and there were only a few street lights. I had no garage in East Berlin, so I had to select a street near the West Berlin border to tie Inge to the chassis of the car. She crept under my Skoda and pulled herself up on the chassis frame while I strapped the belt under her to hold her weight. I fixed two other straps under her neck and ankles and pulled the straps as tight as I could. It was hard work and took me nearly an hour. I pretended the car had a breakdown and I was fixing something on the chassis. We didn't say anything all the time. We were terribly scared.

"I had just fixed the last belt when I heard a voice. 'What's wrong? Can I help?' I crept from under the car as fast as I could and gazed up at an East German policeman. I tried to be as calm as I could. 'Thank you very much,' I answered, 'but it wasn't very much. I've just fixed it.' He seemed relieved not having to help in that rain. I quickly drove away so as not to give him a chance to become suspicious. From that moment on I was on the main roads to the border, which were constantly patrolled. I could not stop to see how Inge was doing underneath. In an extreme emergency we had arranged that she would knock hard on the floor, which I knew I could hear. But what if she was unconscious and could not give the signal? I was sick with worrying whether the safety belts were holding Inge. Would she be squeezed to death if there was a hole in the road, or knocked dead by a stone I mightn't see? True, I had mapped out the roads carefully, crossing the border daily for weeks. I had picked out the roads that were of asphalt, without bumps or stones in them. I drove at about 5 mph to spot any such obstacle in time and to prevent the exhaust from getting too hot. Inge would have been burned from it. I drove down Alexanderplatz, crossed the Jannowitz Bridge into Heinrich Heine Strasse, which led straight to the checkpoint for civilians in the Berlin wall. I reached the first road barrier, and this was the point of no return. It was 10:12 p.m. On my daily pass I had to leave East Berlin by midnight. The policeman already knew my Czech car with the Irish number plate. He checked my papers to see whether I was allowed so near the wall. He compared the passport picture with my face, which I am sure was very pale. Then I had to drive very, very slowly around some walls, like a skier around the poles downhill. I reached a wooden hut and had to get out of the car to let them check my papers inside. They kept me in a waiting room three-quarters of an hour, checking my credentials behind soundproof walls and handing me East German propa-

ganda literature. I could not read. My heart was in my throat. Inge was alone outside, stuck under the car. Had they found her? Were they playing cat and mouse with me? It was terrible. Finally I was allowed to drive on, very slowly around some more walls to checkpoint No. 3. These walls make a crash through the barrier impossible, even for an armored car. The third checkpoint was the most terrible. They went through the car with a fine comb.

"Well, there you are again," the police officer grinned. 'How much longer till you come back from Ireland?'

"On previous occasions I had talked with him of life in Ireland. One cannot deny that all of these border policemen are very polite. This one stood next to the driving wheel, looking under the hood. While Inge was trembling for her life, I had to make small talk with him. All the time I chain-smoked because I was so nervous that I didn't know where to keep my hands. He looked under the seats in the car, opened the boot and went through my old clothes there. I knew I had nothing incriminating. I sweated it out. As I hoped, the pouring rain made his search of the car shorter than usual. Around some more sections of wall I drove on to the fourth checkpoint. The Volkspolizist asked me some more questions and then gave me my papers back. The last barrier, this 200-yard checkpoint run, was right in the wall. They closed the barriers in front and behind my car and took their time to see whether I had all the necessary control clearance stamps in my visitor's pass. Finally, three hours after we started out, I was allowed to drive into West Berlin. Was Inge alive and all right under the car?"

"All this time I could see the jackboots of the police," said Inge. "It was a nightmare, specially when Wolf was in the hut for 45 minutes, with me alone, seeing police run around the car and not knowing whether there had been some hitch with Wolf's papers. I dared not move for fear that the car might also move. I desperately wanted to sneeze and cough. The straps were cutting deep into my flesh. Worst of all was the dirt and rain that ran into my face from the bottom of the car. When Wolf drove the car, I thought I could hear the fumes going through the exhaust, and I felt like a condemned woman in a gas chamber. I was sure that any moment now they would just glance under the car and see me immediately. I thought of all the phony excuses we had prepared in case they would discover me. We wanted to behave like stupid love-struck youngsters. I was to say that Wolf wanted to buy me some exciting clothes in West Berlin and I had to come along to try them on. He'd also say he wanted to return to East Berlin and I was to help him pack his cases. Of course, they wouldn't have believed us, but maybe this stupid talk would have saved us from being shot straightaway. I was relieved, but too drowsy to feel much when I finally heard Wolf bang on the car's floor with his feet. This was our signal that we had passed the wall and were in the freedom of West Berlin. I noted that Wolf drove on for a hundred or so yards and then made a turn and stopped the car."

"I'd never seen Inge like that," Wolf continued. "When I loosened the straps, I had to hold her. She was stiff like a poker and would have fallen straight down onto the road. Her face was deadly

white, she could hardly talk, and her blonde hair was black and glued together with dirt. We didn't shout for joy, we were much too exhausted, but we were so happy that all was over now. I pressed her close to me and kissed the dirt away from her eyes and lips. Then I laid her in the back of the car and drove away fast to get the heater going. If only I could warm her again and prevent her from catching pneumonia. I thought of taking her to a restaurant to warm her up, but she wouldn't come in in her dirty clothes. At a sausage stand I bought something hot to eat and drink. We drove to the house where my brother lived, but the door was locked and we lay there in the car, close to each other, until 5 a.m., when a woman came to deliver the papers.

"When the first shock had worn off, we came out of the stupor, but our nerves were so on edge that we began to quarrel about unimportant things. Even the next morning this went on, when Inge found a love letter which I had received years before. But slowly the tension eased and we hugged each other for hours, grasping the full happiness of our new life in freedom. But I had to leave Inge, locked in that flat, while I drove the car from Berlin through the East German sector to West Germany. All that time we kept Inge's escape a secret, and she dreaded each knock on the door, for fear the East German agents had caught up with her. When I finally returned to Ireland in my car, I took the next plane back and flew Inge out of Berlin. The Irish authorities allowed her in without any papers, and she will not have to fear any difficulties about her permanent stay here because now she is my wife."

THE END

5 BULL FIGHTS

(Continued from page 31)

After Leal had collected two ears and a tail, the crowd cheered him resoundingly. He made a tour of the bull ring, then was encouraged to make a second one. He invited Ramon Tirado to accompany him on that triumphal swing, and Ramon, seething inwardly, complied for the sake of courtesy.

It was an incident which fully aroused Ramon's competitive spirit. By way of a response, he sprinted out to meet Vanidoso's first charge. That was the beginning, and for the next twenty minutes Ramon Tirado opened the book which had been written by such bull ring heroes as Gaona, Joselito, Belmonte and Manolete.

Fortunately, Vanidoso lost none of his stamina or fighting fury. Ramon took him around the arena twice with a series of sweeping passes, all of which he executed with aficion. Spectators started chanting: "Torero-torero-torero!" This was a ringing tribute to Ramon's skill.

Shortly afterward their chants took a new turn: "Toro-toro-indulto!" In brief, a plea to the bull ring authority to pardon Vanidoso. Moved by the sudden expression of popular sentiment, the judges decreed: "Return Vanidoso to the corral, then to his home ranch-alive!"

Ramon Tirado received a torero's most cherished award—two ears, a tail and a hoof (symbolically). Thousands of American aficionados joined their Mexican neighbors in a salute to his bravery. After that Ramon was borne *salida en hombros* (on human shoulders) out of

the bull ring and into the street.

In another corrida which featured five of Mexico's best matadors, Rafael Rodriguez came from nowhere to capture the Golden Ear award. This occurred on a gala occasion in Juarez. Bullfight critics and aficionados called it the most impressive and exciting triumph of Rafael's career.

His rivals clicked in high gear that afternoon. The competition was so fierce that no matador collected less than two ears. Then came Rafael's turn. His toro trotted into the bull ring almost indifferently.

What a time to draw a lazy bull! Rafael gritted his teeth and went out to meet the challenge. First, he whipped up the toro's interest and its urge to fight with a long series of low, chopping passes. He kept moving closer to the animal, tempting, provoking and teaching it. Finally his perseverance and skill began to pay off. The bull gathered a full head of steam and stormed toward Rafael in power-driven rushes.

Aficionados saw what was happening and hastened to voice their appreciation. Their full-throated roars prompted Rafael to take dangerous risks. At one point he went to his knees and executed six artistic passes with his back turned to the bull. An all-the-way-home sword plunge proved the clincher.

Rafael's unexpected triumph over an initially tame bull garnered him two ears and a tail, plus an offer of the hoof, which he respectfully declined to accept. Declared the winner of the Golden Ear award, Rafael, responding to the crowd's wild applause, moved to the center of the arena and took three bows.

It was a moment to remember. THE END

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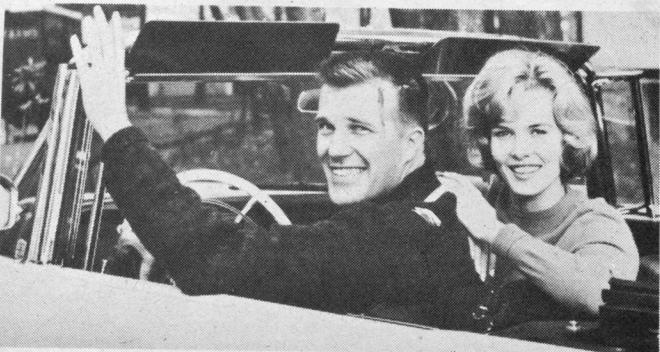
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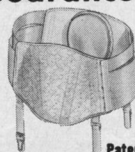
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THE NUDE BEACHCOMBER

(Continued from page 28)

smells of clean sheets and leather, the trace of woman. It was not perfume, no aroma really, just an indefinable something added to the room by her presence.

He couldn't go to sleep. When he did drop off it was dawn, and soon there was a pounding on the door. He opened his eyes to the light. The woman was sitting up in her bed, the sheet held tightly against her, the light of day making the easy nakedness of the night completely unbearable.

"Coming!" Everett shouted. "Stop that damned noise!"

"You seen a woman round here?" The voice was slurred, rough-edged.

"It's Frank," the woman said. "Yes, I'm here," she called.

"Belle?"

"I'm here, Frank." She looked smugly at Everett, who was struggling with his feet.

"Your playful friend?" Everett asked.

"Whatcha doin' in there?" Frank yelled.

"Just a minute, dammit," Everett yelled back, still struggling to fasten the feet.

"Open this door or I'll break it down," Frank promised.

"Don't," the woman said.

She wrapped the sheet around her and opened the door. A muscular young man with the bland features and sandy hair of the villagers pushed into the room to glare at them. Everett had been unable to secure one of the feet. He pulled his way into a pair of slacks.

"Well, ain't this cozy," Frank sneered. He was handsome in a coarse sort of way, full of an animal vigor.

Everett didn't trust himself to speak. He raged silently in the face of Frank's actions of the night before, the brutality evident around the man's hard eyes.

"Do you have my clothes?" Belle asked.

"In the car."

"Would you get them, please?"

"Get 'em yourself. I wanna talk to your friend."

"I have nothing to say to you." Everett's voice, like venom pouring into Frank's face, stopped the younger man.

Frank wilted before the blazing eyes. He shuffled, turned and followed the woman to the car. Everett walked after them, sliding the loose foot along the floor. Belle was dressing in the back seat. He could have let them go.

"Don't contaminate my beach again," he told them.

"Now wait a minute," Frank said.

"Belle," he went on, "I suggest that you dump this overgrown child. If you must have a man, find one who can muster a tiny bit of respect for what womanhood you have left."

He could see Frank seeking courage. He could still have let them go. "You're not much of a man," he told Frank. "No man at all to kick a woman out onto the beach and leave her."

He saw it coming before Frank himself knew. Speed and movement. At 35, Everett's reflexes were slowing, but because of a young fierceness which years ago had driven him, a crippled man, to compensate through learned mayhem,

he was now outgunning the young fist fighter who learned on brute force.

Everett, having to employ only a portion of his experience, lifted his loose foot to chop Frank to the ground. He thought of super-developed force, armor, rapid death-dealing scientific man, and reveled in the advancements which had brought brute force past the bellow-slug stage.

Everett fought the satisfaction rolling dominant as Frank regained his feet, a knife in his hand. There was blood now; Everett's in a long, shallow gash along his forearm; Frank's more devastating, gushing like a red froth from his nose. Everett screamed inwardly, prayed that Frank would not come again, yet knowing that man incarnate in blood before him would. Still he felt happy to have the chance to strike again.

Against the hate whose symbol was the knife, now pointed at him more carefully, he emptied himself, finding excrement where he had been clean, going free back through millennia to the first blow which man struck against himself, rejecting man's pride in his ability to do hurt. He had rejected the thing, felt comfortable in his rejection, but now found that his self-made peace was only a facet of the age-old thing. Well, it had won.

He waited for the knife, not moving as Frank pushed toward him warily. Frank, awed by his setbacks, fainted once, saw no resistance, was doubtful, yet driven to try for the jab which would not slack the pain in his broken nose but would justify it. It was then that Belle hit him, a rusty tire tool making a dull sound on Frank's skull.

"I've killed him." She dropped the weapon and kneeled at the fallen man's side.

"Not likely." Everett helped her get Frank into the car.

When they were gone, he went inside and poured methiolate into his cut, taking the pain as antidote for his vague disappointment. Not willing as yet to analyze the event, he went to bed. The forgetfulness of sleep was within reach when he heard the car outside. Thinking, *this will be the sheriff*, he struggled into the feet and went to the door. It was Belle.

"I just thought I'd better tell you that I took him to the police and told them what happened. They won't be bothering you."

"Thanks," he said.

Of course, he had to think about it now, but he postponed it in an examination of the woman. She looked better in clothes. Her skirt was wrinkled but it was neat and close-fitting. Her sweater was flattering. She had combed her hair and it sparked with a life borrowed from the sun. But, after all, looking at the woman was not postponement because the woman was a part of it, too. She who stopped the thing with a part of itself was something, a symbol, a facet, perhaps even the core.

"Now let me see that arm," she said.

"It's fine," he said, but he didn't protest as she pushed him back into a chair and unwrapped the hasty bandage which he had tied around the wound. She went to the car for newly purchased gauze and tape.

"I think you'll live," she said, trite because of a need to say something.

"I've never doubted it."

There was a silence as she did the bandage. Finished, she made a movement toward the door. She hesitated. "Mr. Belmont," she blurted, "can you use a waitress or a scrub woman? You'll be opening soon and I thought—"

"Don't beg," he said. "You cheapen the merchandise."

This time she did go to the door. "Thanks just the same."

"Wait," he said. "Perhaps I can use you. Have you had any experience?"

"Experience I've had." She smiled wryly.

"I'm sure of that."

Her smile faded. "If you're going to keep going back to that—"

"I'm sorry." The words were actually a mild shock. He had fallen out of the habit of saying them.

"I suppose you had the right."

"No one has the right."

"No," she said. "It's all right."

"It may be true," Everett said, talking to himself as much as to her, "that you lost some part of yourself along the way. But then, all I had to do was stop and look at myself to see some personal vacancies."

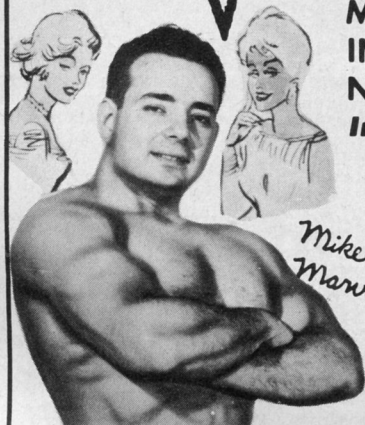
"Nonsense," she said, looking uncomfortably at his feet.

"Not those." He laughed.

More important, a missing wheel, an axle in the sand going in circles, a wheel still missing—but there was something in the wind which whispered to the surf. It puzzled him. He wanted to ask the woman if she understood, but she had picked up his shirt and was rinsing blood down the drain of the bathroom sink, the red stain falling through the trap to the drain field in the sand.

THE END

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THE CASE FOR GIRL CADDIES

(Continued from page 55)

her new husband came to Miami. At the Doral Country Club Francoise displayed her top golf form to the four gals selected to be caddies: Connie Smith, Jo Anne Lawson, Cathy Church and Dolores Brown.

For three weeks the girls learned Francoise's secrets of successful caddy-ing and then they were in business, with expectations of earning at least \$150 a week.

At first the experiment seemed to be very successful. The girls were booked weeks in advance, while male caddies warmed the benches at the country club. However, in due time the gals disappeared from the fairways, and caddydom, like the Harvard Club, was once again a male domain.

Officially, the word went out: those golf bags were just too heavy for the ladies to tote around, and they couldn't work long enough hours to drag down that yard and a half a week.

Unofficially, however, the reasoning goes something like this: in France and Japan wives are well-trained to tolerate the idea that a man doesn't grow blinders when he marries, and the "lord and master" is entitled to a little variety when he desires it. A girl caddy might even be considered part of a husband's wholesome relaxation. In the U.S. it's another story. American wives generally are not the type to take philandering lying down, and even an innocently roving eye can lead to bitterness.

Golf has always been a game where the worst you can get into is a sand trap. American women are not going to let it turn into a girl trap.

Now that we know how much enjoyment can be added to the sport, the question is: are the male golfers of America going to stand up for their rights? Why not have the innocent relaxation of girl caddies? Then if you dub a shot, at least you can console yourself with the fact that after all, you are a lover.

THE END

STRICTLY G.I.

(Continued from page 47)

muddy the water, the porpoise unerringly headed for the smaller fish every time.

It all boils down to the fact that the porpoise is one of the most amazing creatures in the sea, and the Navy's turning loose many of its top scientific talent to try and unlock some of the mammal's secrets.

So, next time you see one of these playful creatures, either at sea or in captivity, don't laugh at it—it may be laughing at you!

And now for this month's questions and answers.

Q. How do I apply for jobless pay under the Veterans' Compensation Act?—L. K., Houston, Tex.

(Continued on page 64)

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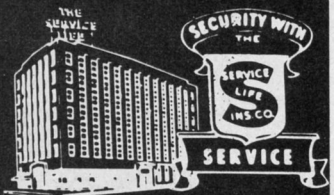
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	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH					HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
		MO.	DAY	YR.					
1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge?
2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes No
If the answer is yes, please give details

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19 _____

SIGNATURE

(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign

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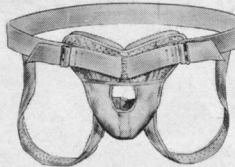
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Q. When I was 17 I enlisted in the Army and went on active duty for six months. Now I'm in the Reserve. How long will I have to serve?—H. V., Kansas City, Kan.

A. When you enlisted you took on an 8-year obligation. In addition to your 6 months' active duty, you must spend 3 years in the Ready Reserve and then you'll be transferred to what they call the Standby Reserve for the rest of the 8 years.

Q. I'd like to know if the U.S. government is going to give World War II vets a bonus like they did for the World War I vets?—S. L. C., Des Moines, Ia.

A. It's highly unlikely. Remember, World War I vets had no GI Bill, like World War II and Korean veterans. These GI Bill benefits have had a potential overall value of thousands of dollars to eligible vets who took advantage of them.

Q. In 1943 I was discharged from the Army by reason of CDD. I'd like to know just what the CDD stands for.—W. W., Washington, D.C.

A. A CDD is a Certificate of Discharge for Disability. It was the method used by the Army during World War II to release a man for physical disability. It's an honorable discharge and carries no stigma.

Q. For several years I've been receiving a Veterans Administration disability check. Recently I moved, and now my checks aren't coming. Aren't such checks automatically forwarded to a veteran's new address?—J. S., Abilene, Tex.

A. Unless you notify the Veterans Administration or file a change-of-address notice with the post office, your first and second checks mailed after you move will be returned to the Treasury Department. After that no further checks will be mailed until you report your whereabouts to the VA. Any veteran planning to move should immediately notify the VA or the post office and give his new address.

Q. Has the cut-off date passed for a World War I veteran to collect his federal bonus?—R. S., Hot Springs, Ark.

A. Yes. January 2, 1940 was the deadline.

Q. I have applied to the Veterans Administration for on-the-job training under the Korean GI Bill. I earned the maximum entitlement of 36 months, but the VA said my training could last only 24 months. Can I appeal this ruling?—D. K., Seattle, Wash.

A. No. On-the-job training under the Korean GI Bill is limited to 24 months, but apprenticeship may run the full 36 months when the veteran has full entitlement.

Have you a question concerning the military or veterans' benefits? Send it to William R. Kreh, c/o SIR!, 21 West 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

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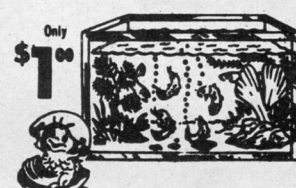
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POLARIS SUBS AND CREWS

(Continued from page 46)

communications in the case of the Polaris fleet is deliberate.

When Polaris submarines go out on station for their 60-day tours of duty, they are submerged constantly. And one of the rules during this period is that they must not break radio silence. They can receive messages, but they cannot send.

Why? It's pretty obvious when you realize that one of the great advantages of the nuclear-powered Polaris subs is that they can lie silently, invulnerably hidden in the depths of the seas. Their mission is not to attack merchant shipping or to hunt down enemy subs. Their purpose is atomic retaliation.

To accomplish this successfully, they must be concealed from an enemy at all times. With radio silence, the Polaris subs are almost impossible to find.

Yet there is, lurking in the silence, a danger that Navy men worry about. The danger is that a Polaris submarine could sink by accident as the *Thresher* did, or by enemy design, and nobody would ever know. She wouldn't even be missed until her tour of duty was up.

"If the Russians could devise a way to find and quickly destroy our Polaris submarines, the Navy would be almost helpless," said one Navy officer. "We couldn't retaliate merely on the suspicion that the loss was due to enemy action. Until we knew for sure—and we

might never know—there might be nothing we could do."

Much has been written about the Polaris submarine as a weapon; of how one of them has the capability of hitting many targets from launch points hundreds of miles from land; of how the sub cannot be seen by human eye or detected by radar; of how she can leave her launch point at high speed and in a short time be many miles away in any direction from her firing position.

However, not much has been told about the special breed of Navy men who man these submarines.

What's submerged life like for Petty Officer Douglas Ball and the hundreds of other commuting sailors with the long work day?

Well, on an average day while on patrol a total of 8 hours is spent on watch—two watches of 4 hours each—and two hours are engaged in routine "housekeeping" work.


To maintain proficiency, an hour a day is devoted to drills and 45 minutes to training lectures. For those seeking to better their education, college extension courses take about 45 minutes a day. Movies and games take two hours each day, and athletics (calisthenics, barbells, etc.) and study time takes an hour and a half. Three meals, plus an afternoon soup and sandwich snack, and about 7 hours' sleep, round out the 24-hour period.

This goes on for 60 days, day after day. There are no breaks, no week ends, no holidays, no sunshine, no television, no long walks.

As you can see, it takes a special breed of submariner to be a crew member of

(Continued on page 66)

Learn BAKING at Home



Baking is one of America's high industries in wages. Not seasonal, but year 'round good field for trained and experienced men. Thorough basic spare time home study course lays solid foundation. If you have the aptitude for this type of work, send for FREE Booklet, "Opportunities in Commercial Baking."

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In this book I take you step by step through the fundamentals of KARATE so that you understand clearly and immediately how these amazing principles operate to make you master of ANYONE you may meet—no matter how big he is, or how much he weighs!

YOUR BODY IS YOUR PROTECTION!

The result of hundreds of years of development in Japan, KARATE is the Oriental system of self-

defense in which you turn your hands, arms and legs into incredibly powerful weapons of attack. When you know how to use KARATE, you disarm and disable your opponent in SECONDS.

When you apply KARATE techniques, you can cut an aggressor down with a blow of the side of your hand. You can toss an attacker from the rear over your shoulder and slam him into the ground. (In fact, a recent photograph in *Pageant Magazine* shows a 110-lb. girl slamming her 240-lb. instructor into the practice mat!)

With KARATE you can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver, or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only your bare hands, your arms and your legs.

MASTER EVERY SITUATION

With KARATE you can disarm and disable two, three and even four attackers. You can apply a simple pressure of your thumb and finger against any one of a dozen vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint.

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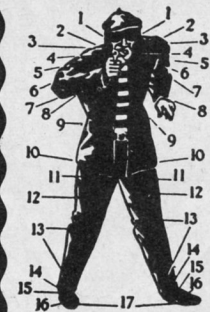
completely confident of yourself and your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a determined and confident step... you'll look any man in the eye... and you'll walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you—that you can deal with any man, any weapon, any situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact!

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You owe it to your own peace of mind—to your loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time from hoodlums, criminals and "wise guys." So mail coupon NOW for my complete instruction on KARATE—for the amazingly low price of only 99¢ plus 26¢ for postage and handling. If you and your friends don't say KARATE has made a new man out of you, every cent will be refunded!

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☐ I understand that by studying KARATE I am morally bound and obligated never to practice KARATE as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse it.

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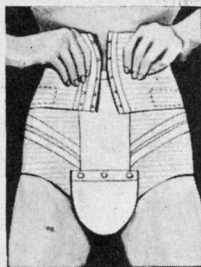
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a Polaris sub. These men go through what is probably one of the most stringent psychological screenings in the military service today. They must be physically and mentally perfect before they are accepted into the program. And all through their duty tours they are examined, cross-examined and given tests to make sure that the long periods of underwater confinement aren't telling on them.

Does the Navy have any trouble getting volunteers for the duty? Not at all. The re-enlistment rate of Polaris sailors is on a par with the rest of the Navy. And not even the tragic loss of the *Thresher* diminished the enthusiasm of Navy men for submarine duty. At the time of the disaster there were more than 300 men enrolled in nuclear submarine training at the Navy's school in New London, Conn. Not a one asked to be transferred out of the program. And the Navy even reports there has been an increase in the number of requests for submarine duty! THE END

BANDERILLEROS

(Continued from page 12)

his most brilliant performances as a banderillero at Alberto Balderas bull ring in Juarez.

Spectators watched tensely as Arruza's infuriated first bull bore down on him. Carlo waited against the barricade—poised, alert, expectant. Nimbly, swiftly, he side-stepped at the last second and shot the abbreviated banderillas into the animal's shoulder muscle.

It was a fascinating experience to watch him manipulate the sticks. During a breathing spell down in the callejon (alleyway behind the barricade), Arruza told me that he felt great emotion surge up within him during his moments as a banderillero.

Fair-minded aficionados can testify that no performer in modern bullfight history has been able to outshine Arruza in the art of placing banderillas gracefully and expertly.

Some others are, of course, occasionally impressive with the sticks. When unpredictable Luis Procuna turns banderillero, for instance, spectators lean forward expectantly in their seats.

At the start of his act Procuna weaves to his left and right like a commando dodging snipers' fire. If this kind of bait fails to entice the bull, Luis starts sprinting toward the animal. This almost invariably produces a charge from el toro.

For a fleeting second or two thereafter a head-on collision between the man and the animal seems inevitable. But Procuna responds to the challenge by rising on his toes, blasting the darts into the bull's shoulder area, and averting the horn tips in a sudden off-to-the-side lunge.

Luis often compensates for a poor showing with the capote by going out and planting the banderillas with rhythm and beauty.

Before American torero Rocky Moody suffered a critical goring and the loss of a leg, he became widely recognized as a whiz with the sticks.

Rocky's technique consisted of breaking his banderillas off to an extremely short length. Then, holding them over his head, he'd begin trotting around in circles. When the aroused animal start-

ed toward Rocky, he'd whip in close to the horns and go into a side-stepping maneuver, much like a halfback eluding tacklers in football. At the same instant he'd reach out and bury the banderillas in the animal's shoulder.

This feat won Rocky several standing ovations at the Alberto Balderas bull ring in Juarez, the scene of his best performances and, finally, the disaster which overtook him.

As of today, two Mexican matadors in particular arouse great excitement every time they decide to place the barbed darts. Consider, for example, Ramon Tirado's technique. Having broken the banderillas in half, he drops to his knees and calls out to the bull insistently.

Sometimes Ramon springs to his feet, runs forward, then returns to a kneeling position, even as the animal races straight toward him. Timing his move carefully, Ramon suddenly bounds to his feet, whirls, and flicks the darts into the desired spot. In bullfight parlance, this is known as *al quiebro*—and Ramon adds his own twist to it.

Tall, rangy El Rachero (The Rancher) has what can best be described as a rush-stop-and-whoosh technique in nailing down the darts. He starts off fast, slows down, then bobs up and down in front of the charging bull—with a short-ened banderilla as bait in his left hand. Suddenly El Rachero makes a spinning motion and his right hand flashes out, driving the banderilla into the hump of el toro's shoulder.

Having left his muleta on the sand close by, El Rachero dashes over and snatches it up. When the bull whirls, he stamps his feet, shakes the scarlet cloth tantalizingly, and passes the animal high across his chest. I've seen him execute this swift maneuver within a few feet of the barricade.

As for Joselillo de Colombia, when he strolls out to plant his own banderillas, Juarez bullfight fans start chanting: "Here comes the wild one!" He breaks the darts off until they're no longer than a table knife. Assuming a kneeling position near the barricade, Joselillo provokes a charge from the bull. When it reaches a point near him, he springs to his feet. At the same time he swings and sways his body to the left, and flips the short banderilla in his right hand into the animal's shoulder. As the bull whirls and prepares to charge again, Joselillo rushes in and shifts the remaining barbed dart from his left to his right hand. With a quick wrist movement, he aims for a spot along the shoulder muscle next to the first banderilla.

On Joselillo's good afternoons, when his timing, body movements and wrist actions mesh harmoniously, he fires the crowd's emotions. For, as every spectator realizes, one faulty move would throw him wide open to a goring.

In this connection, as the record shows, at least one "stick man" suffers a horn wound or rough spill in a Mexican bull ring every Sunday afternoon. As a matter of fact, since the advent of modern bullfighting, 17 banderilleros have been gored to death. Like the movie stunt man who takes dangerous risks for a screen star, a banderillero of spirit and imagination sticks his neck out in a bullfight and makes it a more exciting spectacle for aficionados. And they respond with a shout that rings out across the stands: "Watch that banderillero go!" THE END

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2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

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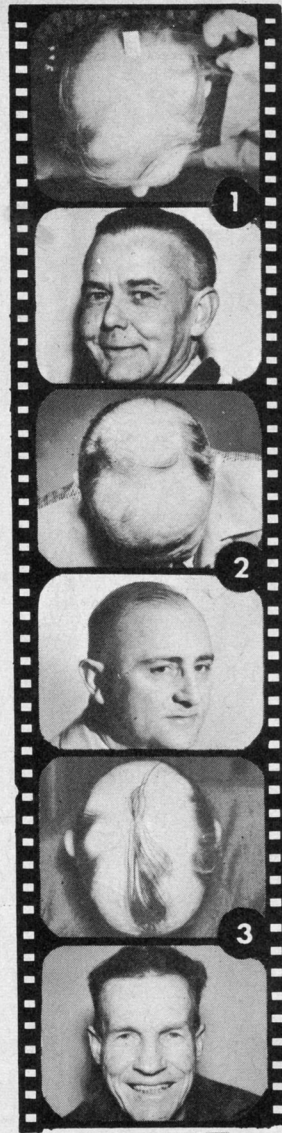
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Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission given.

References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon



1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

2 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

3 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System—as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

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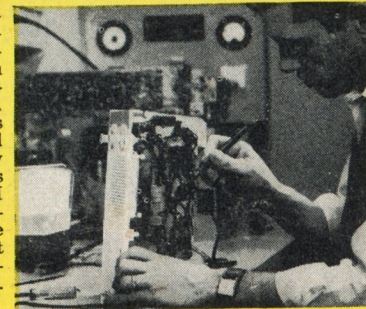


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